THE ORDINARY,

A Comedy,

Written by
WILLIAM CARTVVRIGHT,
M. A. Ch. Ch. Oxon.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Sign of the Princes Armes in St *PAVLS* Churchyard. 1651.

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The PROLOGUE.

'Twould wrong our Author to beſpeake your Eares;
Your Perſons he adores, but Judgement feares:
For where you pleaſe but to diſlike, he ſhall
Be Atheiſt thought, that worſhips not his Fall.
Next to not marking, 'tis his hope that you
Who can ſo ably judge, can pardon too.
His Converſation will not yet ſupply
Follies enough to make a Comedy;
He cannot write by th' Poll; nor Act we here
Scenes, which perhaps you ſhould ſee liv'd *elſewhere;*
No guilty line traduceth any; all
We now preſent is but conjecturall;
'Tis a meere gheſſe: Thoſe then will be too blame,
Who make that Perſon, *which he meant but* Name.
That web of Manners which the Stage requires,
That maſſe of Humors which Poetique Fires
Take in, and boyle, and purge, and try, and then
With ſublimated follies cheat thoſe men
That firſt did vent them, are not yet his Art,
But as drown'd Iſlands, or the World's fifth Part
Lye undiſcover'd; and he only knows
Enough to make himſelfe ridiculous.
Think then, if here you find nought can delight,
He hath not yet ſeen Vice *enough to* write.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Heare-say ——— An Intelligencer.
Slicer ——— A Lieutenant. } Complices in the Ordinary.
Meanewell, Littleworth disguiz'd, a decay'd Knights son. }
Shape ——— A Cheater.
Sir *Tho. Bitefigg* —— A covetous Knight
Simon Credulous —— A Citizen.
Andrew ——— his Son, Suter to Mrs *Jane.*
Robert Moth ——— An Antiquary.
Caster. } ——— Gamesters.
Have-at-all. }
Rimewell ——— A Poet.
Bag-shot. ——— A decay'd Clerke. } Clubbers at the Ordinary.
Sir *Christopher* ——— A Curate. }
Vicar *Catchmey.* —— A Cathedrall singing-man. }
Mrs *Jane* ——— Daughter to sir *Thomas.*
Priscilla ——— Her Maid.
Joane Pot-lucke —— A Vintners Widow.
Shopkeeper. } Officers.
Chirurgeon. } Servants.

The Scene,

LONDON.

Act. I. Scen. I.

{*Hearesay, Slicer,*
Shape, Meanewell.}

Hear. E're made my Boys, we're made; me thinks I am
Growing into a thing that will be worshipp'd.
Slic. I shall sleep one day in my Chaine, and Skarlet
At *Spittle*-Sermon.
Shap. Were not my wit such
I'd put out monies of being Maior.
But O this braine of mine! that's it that will
Barre me the City Honour.
Hear. We're cry'd up
O'th' sudden for the sole Tutors of the Age.
Shap. Esteem'd discreet, sage, trainers up of youth.
Hear. Our house becomes a place of Visit now.
Slic. In my poore judgement 'tis as good my Lady
Should venture to commit her eldest sonne
To us, as to the Inns of Court: hee'l be
Undone here only with lesse Ceremony.

Hear. Speak for our credit my brave man of War.
What, *Meave-well*, why ſo lumpiſh?
Mean. Pray y' be quiet.
Hear. Thou look'ſt as if thou plott'ſt the calling in
O'th' *Declaration*, or th' *Aboliſhing*
O'th' *Common-Prayers*; cheare up; ſay ſomething for us.
Mean. Pray vexe me not.
Slic. Theſe fooliſh puling ſighs
Are good for nothing, but to endanger Buttons.
Take heart of grace man.
Mean. Fie y'are troubleſome.
Hear. Nay fare you well then Sir. [*Ex. Hea. Sli. Sha.*
Mean. My Father ſtill
Runs in my mind, meets all my thoughts, and doth
Mingle himſelfe in all my Cogitations,
Thus to ſee eager villaines drag along
Him, unto whom they crouch'd; to ſee him hal'd,
That ne'r knew what compulſion was, but when
His vertues did incite him to good deeds,
And keep my ſword dry ——— O unequall Nature!
Why was I made ſo patient as to view,
And not ſo ſtrong as to redeeme? why ſhould I
Dare to behold, and yet not dare to reſcue?
Had I been deſtitute of weapons, yet
Arm'd with the only name of Son, I might
Have outdone wonder. Naked Piety
Dares more than Fury well-appointed; Bloud
Being never better ſacrific'd, than when
It flowes to him that gave it. But alas,
The envy of my Fortune did allow
That only, which ſhe could not take away,
Compaſſion; that which was not in thoſe ſavage,
And knowing Beaſts; thoſe Engines of the Law,
That even kill as uncontroul'd, as that.
How doe I grieve, when I conſider from

What

What hands he ſuffer'd ! hands that doe excuſe
Th' indulgent Priſon; ſhackles being here
A kind of Reſcue. Young man tis not well
To ſee thy aged Father thus confin'd,
Good, good old man; alas thou 'rt dead to me,
Dead to the world, and only living to
That which is more than death, thy miſery:
The Grave could be a comfort: And ſhall I ——
O would this Soule of mine —— But Death's the wiſh
Of him that feares; hee's lazie that would dye.
I'le live and ſee that thing of wealth, that worme
Bred out of ſplendid mucke; that Citizen
Like his owne ſully'd Wares throwne by into
Some unregarded corner, and my Piety
Shall be as famous as his Avarice;
His Son whom we have in our Tuition
Shall be the Subject of my good Revenge;
I'le count my ſelfe no child, till I have done
Something thats worth that name: my Braine ſhall be
Buſie in his undoing; and I will
Plot ruine with Religion; his diſgrace
Shall be my Zeales contrivement; and when this
Shall ſtile me Son againe, I hope 'twill be
Counted not wrong, but Duty. When that time
Shall give my Actions growth, I will caſt off
This brood of Vipers: and will ſhew that I
Doe hate the Poyſon, which I meane t' apply. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Mrs *Potlucke*

Pot. NOw help good Heaven ! 'tis ſuch an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of Term-time --- I
Doe feele ſuch aguiſh Qualmes, and dumps and fits,

And shakings still an end ——I lately was
A wife I do confesse, but yet I had
No husband: he (alas) was dead to me
Even when he liv'd unto the world; I was
A widdow whiles he breath'd; his death did only
Make others know so much. But yet——[*Enter Hear.*
Hear. How now?
So melancholy sweet?
Pot. How could I choose
Being thou wert not here? the time is come,
Thou'lt be as good unto me as thy word?
Hear. Nay, hang me if I er'e recant. You'l take me
Both wind and limb at th' venture, will you not?
Pot. Ay good Chuck, every inch of thee, she were
No true woman that would not.
Hear. I must tell you
One thing, and yet I'm loth.
Pot. I am thy Rib,
Thou must keep nothing from thy Rib, good Chuck;
Thy yoak-fellow must know all thy secrets.
Hear. Why then I'l tell you sweet. [*He whispers her*
Pot. Heaven defend!
Hear. 'Tis true.
Pot. Now God forbid; and would you offer
T' undoe a widdow-woman so? I had
As leive the old Vintner were alive againe.
Hear. I was not born with it I confesse; but lying
In *Turky* for Intelligence, the great Turk,
Somewhat suspicious of me, lest I might
Entice some o'th' *Seraglio*, did command
I should be forthwith cut.
Pot. A heathen deed
It was: none but an Infidel could have
The heart to do it.
Hear. Now you know the worst

That

That you muſt truſt to, come lets to the Church.
Pot. Good Mr *Hear-ſay*, Nature ne'r intended
One woman ſhould be joyned to another.
The holy bleſſing of all wedlock was
T'encreaſe and multiply, as Mr *Chriſtopher*
Did well obſerve laſt Sabbath. Ile not do
Any thing 'gainſt Gods word. I do releaſe you
Of all your promiſes, and that it may not
Be ſaid you loſt by loving me, take this.
Perhaps I may get you a contribution
O'th' women of the Pariſh, as I did
The broken-bellied-man the other day.
Hear. Seeing you needs will caſt me off. let me
Intreat this one thing of you. that you would not
Make me your Table-talk, at the next Goſſiping. *Exit.*
Pot. Indeed I pitty thee poor thing, or rather [*En. Slic.*
I pitty thee poore nothing. Good Lieutenant
How doſt thou ? Thou art mindfull of thy Promiſe?
Slic. What elſe my jolly wench?
Pot. Good ſweet Lieuteuant
Give me but leave to aske one Queſtion of you,
Art thou intire and ſound in all thy limbs?
Slic. To tell the very truth, ere now I've had
A ſpice o'th' Pox, or ſo; but now I am ſound
As any Bell (Hem) waſt not ſhrill my Girle, ha?
Pot. I do not aske thee about theſe diſeaſes;
My queſtion is whether thou'ſt all thy parts.
Slic. Faith I have loſt a joint or two; as none
Of our Profeſſion come off whole, unleſſe
The Generall, and ſome ſneaks.
Pot. My meaning is
Whether that ſomething is not wanting that
Should write thee husband.
Slic. Ne'r feare that my wench;
Doſt think the King would ſend me to the wars

With-

Without I had my weapons? Eunuchs are not
Men of imploiment in these dayes; his Majesty
Hath newly put me on a peece of service;
And if I e're come off (which I doe feare
I shan't, the danger is so great) brave Widow
Wee'l to't and get Commanders.

Potl. If you can
Leave me, I can leave you: there are other men
That won't refuse a Fortune when 'tis proffer'd.

Slic. Well, I must to his Majesty, think on't;
So fare thee well. Thine to his very Death,
That is a Month or two perhaps, *D. Slicer.* [*Ex. En. Sha.*

Potl. Kind Master *Shape*, you are exceeding welcome.
Here hath bin Mr *Hearsay*, and Lieutenant
Slicer: You may ghesse at their businesse, but
I hope you thinke me faithfull.

Sh. I beleeve
The memory of your Husbands ashes, which
Scarce yet are cold, extinguisheth all flames
That tend to kindling any Love-fire: 'Tis
A vertue in you, which I must admire
That only you amongst so many should
Be the sole Turtle of the Age.

Potl. I doe
Beare him in memory I confesse; but when
I doe remember what your promise was
When he lay sicke, it doth take something from
The bitternesse of Sorrow. Woman was
Not made to be alone still.

Sh. Tender things
At seventeen may use that plea; but you
Are now arriv'd at Matron: these young sparkes
Are rak'd up, I presume, in sager Embers.

Potl. Nay don't abuse her that must be your Wife;
You might have pitty, & not come with your nicknames,

And

And call me Turtle: have I deſerv'd this?
Sh. If that you once hold merits, I have done;
I'm glad I know what's your Religion.
Potl. What's my Religion? 'tis well known there hath
Been no Religion in my houſe e'r ſince
My Husband dy'd. *Ent. Slic. Hearſay.*
Hear. How now ſweet *Shape*? ſo cloſe
Alone w' your Widow.
Sh. Sirs dare you beleeve it?
This thing, whoſe prayer it hath been theſe ten
Yeares, that ſhe may obtaine the ſecond tooth,
And the third haire, now dotes on me, on me
That doe refuſe all that are paſt ſixteen.
Slic. Why faith this was her ſute to me juſt now.
Hear. I had the firſt on't then. A Coachman, or
A Groome were fitter far for her.
Slic. You doe
Honour her too much to thinke ſhe deſerves
A thing that can luſt moderately, give her
The ſorrell Stallion in my Lords long ſtable.
Sha. Or the ſame colour'd Brother, which is worſe.
Potl. Why Gentlemen ——
Hear. Foh, foh! ſhe hath let fly.
Potl. Doe y' think I have no more manners than ſo?
Sha. Nay faith I can excuſe her for that: But
I muſt confeſſe ſhe ſpoke, which is all one.
Slic. Her breath would rout an Army, ſooner than
That of a Cannon.
Hear. It would lay a Devill
Sooner than all *Trithemius* charmes.
Sha. Heark how
It bluſters in her noſthrils like a wind
In a foule Chimney.
Potl. Out you baſe companions,
You ſtinking Swabbers.

Hear. For

Hear. For her gate, that's ſuch,
As if her noſe did ſtrive t'outrun her heels.
Sha. She's juſt ſix yards behind, when that appears;
It ſaves an Uſher Madam.
Pot. You are all
Moſt foul-mouth'd knaves to uſe a woman thus. (ther.
Sli. Your playſter'd face doth drop againſt moiſt wea-
Sha. Fie, how you writh it; now it looks juſt like
A ruffled boot.
Slic. Or an oyld paper Lanthorn.
Hear. Her noſe the candle in the midſt of it.
Sha. How bright it flames? Put out your noſe good Lady
You burn day-light.
Pot. Come up you lowſie Raskals.
Hear. Not upon you for a Kingdom good *Joane*,
The great Turk, *Joane* ——the great Turk.
Slic. Kiſſe him Chuck,
Kiſſe him Chuck open'd mouth'd and be reveng'd.
Pot. Hang you baſe cheating Varlet.
Slic. Don't you ſee
December in her face?
Sha. Sure the Surveyer
Of the high-waies will have to do with her
For not keeping her countenance paſſable.
Hear. There lies a hoare froſt on her head, and yet
A conſtant thaw in her noſe.
Sha. She's like a peece
Of fire-wood, dropping at one end, and yet
Burning i'th' midſt.
Slic. O that endeavouring face!
When will your coſtiveneſſe have done good Madam?
Hear. Do you not heare her Guts already ſqueake
Like Kitſtrings?
Slic. They muſt come to that within
This two or three yeares; by that time ſhee'l be

True

True perfect Cat: They practise before hand.
Pot. I can endure no longer, though I should
Throw off my womanhood.
Hear. No need, that's done
Already: nothing left thee, that may stile thee
Woman but Lust, and Tongue; no flesh but what
The vices of the sex exact, to keep them
In heart.
Sha. Thou art so leane and out of case
That 'twere absurd to call thee Devill incarnate.
Slic. Th'art a dry Devill troubled with the lust
Of that thou hast not, flesh.
Pot. Rogue, Raskall, Villaine,
Ile shew your cheating tricks I faith: all shall
Be now laid open. Have I suffer'd you
Thus long i' my house, and ne'r demanded yet
One penny rent, for this? Ile have it all,
By this good blessed light I will.
Hear. You may
If that you please undo your self, you may.
I will not strive to hinder you. There is
Something contriving for you, which may be
Perhaps yet brought about, a Match or so;
A proper fellow; 'tis a trifle, that;
A thing you care not for I know. Have I
Plotted to take you off from these to match you
In better sort, and am us'd thus? As for
The Rent you aske, here take it, take your money;
Fill, choake your gaping throat. But if as yet
You are not deaf to counsell, let me tell you
It had been better that you ne'r had took
It may stop some proceedings.
Pot. Mr *Hearsay*,
You know you may have even my heart out of
My belly (as they say) if you'l but take

The paines to teach it out ; I am ſometimes
Peeviſh I doe confeſſe ; here take your money.
Hear. No.
Potl. Good Sir.
Hear. No, keep it and hoord it up.
My purſe is no ſafe place for it.
Potl. Let me
Requeſt you that you would be pleas'd to take it.
Hear. Alas 'twould only trouble me ; I can
As willingly goe light, as be your Treaſurer.
Potl. Good Mr *Slicer* ſpeake to him to take it,
Sweet Mr *Shape*, joyne with him.
Slic. Nay, be once
O'rerul'd by a woman.
Sha. Come, come, you ſhall take it.
Potl. Nay Faith you ſhall ; here put it up good Sir.
Hear. Upon intreaty I'm content for once ;
But make no Cuſtome of't; you doe preſume
Upon my eaſie fooliſhneſſe ; 'tis that
Makes you ſo bold ; were it another man
He ne'r would have to doe with you. But marke me,
If e'r I find you in this mood againe,
I'le daſh your hopes of Marriage for ever.
Ex. all but Hear.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3.

To him,
Meanewell, Andrew.

And. GOd ſave you Tutors both.
Mean. FIe *Andrew*, fie ;
What kiſſe your hand ? you ſmell, not complement.
Hear. Beſides, you come too near when you ſalute.
Your breath may be diſcover'd ; and you give

Ad-

Advantage unto him you thus accoaſt
To ſhake you by the hand, which often doth
Endanger the whole arme. Your Gallant's like
The Chryſtall glaſſe, brittle; rude handling crackes him.
To be ſaluted ſo were to be wounded.
His parts would fall aſunder like unto
Spilt Quickſilver; an Eare, an Eye, a Noſe
Would drop like Summer fruit from ſhaken Trees.
Mean. For the ſame reaſon I'd not have you dance.
Some Courtiers, I confeſſe, doe uſe it; but
They are the ſounder ſort, thoſe fooliſh ones
That have a care of health, which you ſhall not
If you'l be rul'd by me. The hazard's great,
'Tis an adventure, an exploit, a piece
Of ſervice for a Gentleman to caper.
Hear. A Gallant's like a Leg of Mutton, boyl'd
By a Spaniſh Cooke; take him but by the one End
And ſhake him, all the fleſh fals from the bones,
And leaves them bare immediately.
And. I would
Not be a leg of Mutton here.
Hear. I ſaw
In France a Monſieur, only in the Cutting
Of one croſſe Caper, Riſe a man, and come
Downe, to th' amazement of the ſtanders by,
A true extemporary Skeleton;
And was ſtrait read on.
And. Sure this man,
Good Tutor, was quite rotten.
Mean. See how you
Betray your breeding now! quite rotten! 'tis
Rottenneſſe perhaps in Footmen, or in Yeomen,
'Tis tenderneſſe in Gentlemen; They are
A little over-boyl'd, or ſo.
Hear. He is

A Churle, a Hind, that's wholesome; some raw thing
That ne're was at *London*: One in whom
The Clown is too predominant. Refin'd
People feele *Naples* in their bodies; and
An Ach i'th' bones at Sixteen, passeth now
For high dissent; it argues a great birth.
Low bloods are never worthy such infection.
An. Ay, but my Father bid me I should live honest,
And say my Prayers, that he did.
Hear. If that
You cannot sleep at any time, we do
Allow you to begin your Prayers, that so
A slumber may seize on you.
Mean. But as for
Your living honest, 'twere to take away
A trade i'th' Common-wealth; the Surgeons
Benefit would go down: you may go on
In foolish chastity, eate only Sallads,
Walk an unskilfull thing, and be to learn
Something the first night of your wife; but that's
To marry out of fashion.
An. Here's no Proofes,
No Doctrines, nor no Uses. Tutor I
Would fain learn some Religion.
Hear. Religion?
Yes to become a Martyr, and be pictur'd
With a long Labell out o' your mouth, like those
In *Foxes* Book; just like a Jugler drawing
Ribband out of his throat.
An. I must be gone.
Mean. Obedience is the first step unto science;
Stay and be wise.
An. Indeed I dare not stay
The Glyster works you sent to purge gross humors. [*Ex.*
Mean. Being you will not take your Lecture our

Good

Good morrow to y'good *Andrew*. This ſoft foole
Muſt ſwim in's Fathers wealth. It is a curſe
That Fortune juſtly makes the City's lot,
The young Fool ſpends what e're the old Knave got.
Ex. Mean.

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

To *Hearſay*, enter *Slicer* and *Credulous*.

Hear. SIr let me tell you this is not the leaſt (ſelf,
Of things wherein your wiſedome ſhewes it
In that you've plac'd your Son in this good ſort.
Cred. Nay nay, let me alone to give him breeding;
I did not hold the *Univerſity*
Fit for the training up of ſuch a Spirit.
Slic. The *Univerſity?* 't had been the only way
T' have took him off his courage, and his mettal,
He had return'd as Slaves doe from the Gallies,
A naked ſhorn thing with a thin dockt top,
Learnedly cut into a Logick mode.
Hear. A private Oath given him at firſt Entrance
Had ſworn him Pilgrim unto Conventicles;
Engag'd him to the hate of all, but what
Pleaſeth the ſtubborn froward Elect.
Slic. But we
Following another Modell doe allow
Freedome and courage, cheriſh and maintaine
High noble thoughts ——
Hear. Set nature free, and are
Chymiſts of manners——
Sli. Do inſtruct of States —
Hear. And Wars: there's one, look on him——
Slic. Doe but view
That ſearching Head ——
Hear. The very ſoule of Battell,

True ſteele.

Slic. H' hath been an Agent ſome few years
(A ſcore or ſo) for Princes, and as yet
Doth not write forty.

Hear. I confeſſe I can
Diſcover th' Entrailes of a State perhaps,
Lay open a Kingdoms Paunches, ſhew the bowels
And inwards of a Seigniory or two;
But for your deeds of Valour, there is one,
Although I ſpeak it to his face, that can
Write a Geography by his own Conqueſts.
H' hath fought o'r *Strabo*, *Ptolomy* and *Stafford*;
Travell'd as far in arms, as *Lithgoe* naked.
Born weapons whither *Coriat* durſt not
Carry a ſhirt or ſhooes. *Jack Mandevil*
Ne'r ſaild ſo far as he hath ſteerd by Land;
Uſing his Colours both for maſt and ſaile.

Cred. I'd thought h' had been Leiutenant.

Hear. That's all one.

Slic. I've worn ſome Leather out abroad; let out
A heathen Soul or two; fed this good ſword
With the black bloud of Pagan Chriſtians;
Converted a few Infidels with it.
But let that paſſe. That man of peace there hath
Been truſted with Kings Breaſts——

Hear. His name is heard
Like Thunder, and that meer word, *Slicer*, hath
Sufficed unto victory.

Slic. He's cloſe,
Reſerv'd, lock'd up. The ſecrets of the King
Of *Tartary*, of *China*, and ſome other
Counſels of moment have been ſo long kept
In's body without vent, that every morning
Before he covers them with ſome warme thing
Or other you may ſmell'em very ſtrongly;

Diſtin-

Diſtinguiſh each of them by ſeverall ſents ——
Hear. A grove of Pikes are ruſhes to him, hail
More frights you, than a ſhower of Bullets him ——
Slic. The Dutch come up like broken beer; the Iriſh
Savour of Uſquebaugh; the Spaniſh they
Smell like unto perfume at firſt, but then
After a while end in a fatall ſteame ——
Hear. One Drum's his Table, the other is his Muſick.
His Sword's his Knife, his Colours are his Napkins,
Carves nouriſhing Horſe, as he is us'd to do
The hoſtile Paguim, or we veniſon: Eates
Gunpowder with his meat inſtead of Pepper,
Then drinks o'r all his Bandeleers, and fights ——
Slic. Secrets are rank'd and order'd in his belly,
Juſt like Tobacco leaves laid in a ſweat.
Here lies a row of Indian ſecrets, then
Something of 's own on them; on that another
Of China Counſels, cover'd with a lidd
Of New-found-land diſcoveries; next, a bed
Of Ruſſia Policies, on them a lay
Of Prester-Johnion whiſpers ——
Hear. Slights a tempeſt;
Counts lightning but a giving fire, and thunder
The loud report when heaven hath diſcharg'd.
H'hath with his breath ſupplyd a breach.
When he's once fixt no Engine can remove him.
Slic. 'Twould be a Policy worth hatching, to
Have him diſſected, if 'twere not too cruell.
All ſtates would lye as open as his bowels.
Turkey in's bloudy Liver; *Italy*
Be found in's reines; *Spaine* buſie in his Stomack;
Venice would float in's Bladder; *Holland* ſaile
Up and down all his veines; *Bavaria* lie
Cloſe in ſome little gut, and *Ragioni*
Di Stato generally reek in all.

Cred. I see my Son 's too happy ; he is born
To be some man of Action, some Engine
For th' overthrow of Kingdomes.
Hear. Troth he may
Divert the Torrent of the Turkish rule
Into some other Tract; damme up the streame
Of that vast headlong Monarchy, if that
He want not meanes to compasse his intents.
Cred. The Turkish Monarchy's a thing too big
For him to mannage ; he may make perhaps
The Governour of some new little Island,
And there plant Faith and Zeale : But for the present
M'ambition 's only to contrive a Match
Between Sir *Thomas Bite-figg's* only Daughter,
And (if I may so call him now) my Son;
'Twill raise his Fortunes somewhat.
Slic. We have got
One that will doe more good with's tongue that way
Than that uxorious showre that came from Heaven,
But you must oyle it first.
Cred. I understand you.
Greaze him i'th' fist you meane : there's just ten Peeces,
'Tis but an earnest : If he bring't about,
I'le make those then a hundred.
Hear. Thinke it done. *Ex.Cred.& Ent.Sh.Mean.*

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

Heare-say, Slicer, Meanewell, Shape.

OUr life methinks is but the same with others;
To couzen, and be couzen'd, makes the Age.
The Prey and Feeder are that Civill thing
That Sager heads call Body Politick.
Here is the only difference ; others cheat

B

By ſtatute, but we do't upon no grounds.
The fraud's the ſame in both, there only wants
Allowance to our way: the Common-wealth
Hath not declar'd her ſelf as yet for us;
Wherefore our Policy muſt be our Charter.

Mea. Well mannag'd Knav'ry is but one degree
Below plaine Honeſty.

Slic. Give me villany
That's circumſpect, and well adviſ'd, that doth
Colour at leaſt for goodneſſe. If the Cloake
And Mantle were pull'd off from things, 'twould be
As hard to meet an honeſt Action as
A liberall Alderman, or a Court Nun.

Hear. Knowing then how we muſt direct our ſteps,
Let us chalk out our paths; you, *Shape*, know yours.

Sha. Where e'r I light on Fortune, my Commiſſion
Will hold to take her up: I'l eaſe my ſilken
Friends of that idle luggage, we call Money.

Hear. For my good toothleſſe Counteſſe, let us try
To win that old Emerit thing, that like
An Image in a German clock, doth move,
Not walke, I meane that rotten Antiquary.

Mean. Hee'l ſurely love her, 'cauſe ſhe looks like ſome
Old ruin'd peece, that was five Ages backward.

Hear. To the great Veſtry wit, the Livery braine,
My Common-Councell Pate, that doth determine
A City buſineſſe with his gloves on's head,
We muſt apply good hope of wealth and meanes.

Slic. That griping Knight Sir *Thomas* muſt be call'd
With the ſame lure: he knows t' a crum how much
Loſſe is in twenty dozen of Bread, between
That which is broke by th' hand, and that is cut.
Which way beſt keeps his Candles, bran or ſtraw.
What tallow's loſt in putting of 'm out
By ſpittle, what by foot, what by the puffe,

What by the holding downwards, and what by
The extinguisher; which week will longest be
In lighting, which spend fastest; he must heare
Nothing but Moyties, and Lives, and Farmes,
Coppies, and Tenures: he is deaf to th'rest.
Mean. I'l speak the language of the wealthy to him.
My mouth shall swill with Bags, Revenues, Fees,
Estates, Reversions, Incomes, and assurance.
He's in the Gin already, for his Daughter
Shee'l be an easie purchase.
Hear. I do hope
We shall grow famous; have all sorts repaire
As duly to us, as the barren Wives
Of aged Citizens do to St *Antholins.*
Come let us take our Quarters: we may come
To be some great Officers in time,
And with a reverend Magisterial frown,
Passe sentence on those faults that are our own. *Ex Om.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Have-at-all, Slicer, Hearsay, having rescued him in a Quarrell.

Have. 'Tis destin'd, I'l be valiant, I am sure
I shall be beaten with more credit then,
Than now I do escape. *Lieutenant* hast
Bethought thy self as yet? hast any way
To make my Sword fetch bloud?
Slic. You never yet
Did kill your man then?
Have. No.
Hear. Nor get your Wench
With child I warrant?

Have.

Have. O Sir.

Slic. You're not quite
Free of the Gentry till y'have marrd one man
And made another; when one fury hath
Cryd quit with t'other, and your Luſt repair'd
What Anger hath deſtroyd, the Titles yours,
Till then you do but ſtand for't.

Have. Pox! who'd be
That vile ſcorn'd Name, that ſtuffs all Court-gate Bils?
Lieutenant thou mayſt teach me valour yet.

Slic. Teach thee? I will inſpire thee man. I'l make
Thy name become a terrour, and to ſay
That *Have-at-all* is comming, ſhall make roome
As when the Bears are in Proceſſion.
Heark hither *Franke* —— *They conſult.*

Hear. That's good, but——

Slic. How think'ſt now?

Hear. Nay he will pay you large—lie. [*aloud*

Have. Pay, what elſe?

Hear. Make him beleeve the Citizen's his Gueſt,
The Citizen that he is his.

Slic. Concluded;
Would you fight fair or conquer by a ſpell?

Have. I do not care for Witchcraft; I would have
My ſtrength relie meerlie upon it ſelf.

Slic. There is a way that I ne'r ſhew'd it yet,
But to one Spaniard, and 'twas wondrous happy.

Have. Think me a ſecond Spaniard worthy Sir.

Slic. Then liſten. The deſign is by a dinner;
An eaſie way you'l ſay, I'l ſay a true;
Hunger may break ſtone walls, it ne'r hurts men.
Your cleanly feeder is your man of valour.
What makes the Peaſant grovel in his muck,
Humbling his crooked ſoule, but that he eates
Bread juſt in colour like it? Courage ne'r

Vouchſaf'd to dwell a minute, where a ſullen
Pair of brown loaves darken'd the durty Table;
Shadows of bread, not bread. You never knew
A ſolemn Son of Bagpudding and Pottage
Make a Commander; or a Tripe-eater
Become a Tyrant: he's the Kingdoms arm
That can feed large, and choicely.

Have. If that be
The way, I'l eat my ſelf into courage,
And will devour valour enough quickly.

Slic. 'Tis not the caſual eating of thoſe meats,
That doth procure thoſe Spirits, but the order,
And manner of the meal; the ranking of
The diſhes, that does all; elſe he that hath
The greateſt range would be the hardeſt man.
Thoſe goodly Juments of the Guard would fight
(As they eat Beef) after ſix ſtone a day;
The Spit would nouriſh great Attempts: my Lord
Would lead a Troop, as well as now a Maſque;
And force the Enemies ſword with as much eaſe
As his Miſtriſſes Bodkin: Gallants would
Owe valour to their Ordinaries, and fight
After a crown a meal.

Have. I do conceive
The Art is all in all. If that you'l give
A bill of your directions, I'l account
My ſelf oblig'd unto you for my ſafety.

Slic. Take it then thus. All muſt be Souldier-like;
No diſh but muſt preſent Artilery.
Some military inſtrument in each.
Imprimis ſixe or ſeven yards of Tripe
Diſplay'd inſtead o'th' Enſign.

Have. Why, you ſaid,
Tripe-eaters ne'r made Tyrants.

Slic. Peace Sir, Learners

Muſt

Muſt be attentive and beleeve. Do y' think
Wee'l eat this? 'tis but for formalitie;
Item a Coller of good large fat Brawn
Serv'd for a Drum, waited upon by two
Fair long black Puddings lying by for drumſticks;
Item a well grown Lamprey for a Fife;
Next ſome good curious Marchpanes made into
The form of Trumpets: Then in order ſhall
Follow the Officers. The Captain firſt
Shall be preſented in a warlike Cock,
Swiming in whitebroth, as he's wont in bloud;
The Sergeant Major he may buſtle in
The ſhape of ſome large Turkey; For my ſelf,
Who am Leiutenant, I'm content there be
A Buſtard only; let the Corporall
Come ſweating in a Breaſt of Mutton, ſtuff'd
With Pudding, or ſtrut in ſome aged Carpe,
Either doth ſerve I think. As for Perdues
Some choice Sous'd-fiſh brought couchant in a diſh
Among ſome fennell, or ſome other graſſe,
Shews how they lie i'th' field. The Souldier then
May be thus rank'd. The common one Chicken,
Duck, Rabbet, Pidgeon. For the more Gentile,
Snipe, Woodcock, Partridge, Pheaſant, Quail will ſerve.

Hear. Bravelie contriv'd.

Slic. That weapons be not wanting
Wee'l have a dozen of bones well charg'd with marrow
For Ordnance, Muskets, Petronels, Petarrs;
Twelve yards of Sauſage by inſteed of Match;
And Caveari then prepar'd for wild-fire.

Hea Rare Rogue! how I do love him now me thinks.

Slic. Next wee'l have true fat, eatable old Pikes;
Then a freſh Turbut brought in for a Buckler,
With a long Spitchcock for the ſword adjoyn'd;
Wee'l bring the ancient weapons into play.

Have-

Have. Moſt rare by heaven.

Slic. Peaches, Apricocks,
And Malecotoons, with other choiſer Plums
Will ſerve for large ſiz'd Bullets; then a diſh
Or two of Peaſe for ſmall ones. I could now
Tell you of Pepper in the ſtead of Powder,
But that 'tis not in faſhion 'mongſt us Gallants;
If this might all ſtand upon Drum heads, 'twould
Work ſomewhat better.

Have. Wil't ſo? then we'l have 'em
From every ward i'th' City.

Slic. No I'm loath
To put you to ſuch charge: for once, a long
Table ſhall ſerve the turn; 'tis no great matter.
The main thing's ſtill behind: we muſt have there
Some Fort to ſcale; a veniſon paſtie doth it:
You may have other Pies inſtead of outworks;
Some Sconces would not be amiſſe, I think.
When this is all prepar'd, and when we ſee
The Table look like a pitch'd Battel, then
Wee'l give the word, Fall too, ſlaſh, kill, and ſpoile;
Deſtruction, rapine, violence, ſpare none.

Hear. Thou haſt forgotten Wine, Lieutenant, wine.

Slic. Then to avoid the groſſe abſurdity
Of a dry Battel, cauſe there muſt ſome bloud
Be ſpilt (on th' enemies ſide I mean) you may
Have there a Rundlet of brisk Claret, and
As much of Aligant, the ſame quantitie
Of Tent would not be wanting, 'tis a wine
Moſt like to bloud. Some ſhal bleed fainter colours,
As Sack, and Whitewine. Some that have the itch
(As there are Taylors ſtill in every Army)
Shall run with Reniſh, that hath Brimſtone in't.
When this is done fight boldly; write your ſelf
The tenth or 'leventh Worthy, which you pleaſe,

Your

Your choice is free.

Have. I'l be the gaming Worthy;
My word ſhall be Twice twelve; I think the dice
Ne'r mounted any upon horſeback yet.

Sl. Wee'l bring your friends & ours to this large dinner:
It works the better eaten before witneſſe.
Beware you ſay 'tis yours: Confeſſion is
One ſtep to weakneſſe, private Conſcience is
A Theater to valour. Let's be cloſe.
Old *Credulous*, and his Son, and Mr *Caſter*
Shall all be there.

Have. But theſe they will grow valiant
All at my charge.

Slic. Ne'r fear't; th'unknowing man
Eates only Fleſh, the underſtanding Valour;
His ignorance i'th' myſtery keeps him coward:
To him 'tis but a Meale; to you'tis vertue.
It ſhall be kept here.

Hav. No fitter place; there is
An old rich Clutchfiſt Knight, Sir *Thomas Bitefig*,
Invite him too; perhaps I may have luck,
And break his Purſe yet open for one hundred.
A Uſurer is ſomewhat exorable
When he is full: He ne'r lends money empty.

Slic. Diſcreet, and wiſely done; I was about
T' have prompted it.

Hear. Stout Mr *Haveatall*
Lets be ſworn Brothers.

Have. Pox! thou fear'ſt Ile beat thee
After I've eaten. Doſt thou think I'l offer't?
By my next meale I wont: nay I do love
My friends how e'r: I do but think how I
Shall baſtinado o'r the Ordinaries.
Arm'd with my ſword, Battoone and foot Ile walk
To give each rank its due. No one ſhall ſcape,

But

But he I win off.

Hear. You ſhall have at leaſt
Some twenty warrants ſerv'd upon you ſtraight;
The trunck-hoſe Juſtices will try all means
To bind you to the Peace, but that your ſtrength
Shall not be bound by any.

Slic. Surgeons will
Pray for your health and happineſſe, you may
Bring 'em to be your Tributaries, if
You but denie to fight a while.

Have. My teeth
Are on an edge till I do eat; now will
I couzen all men without oppoſition.
I feel my ſtrength encreaſe with very thought on't.
Sword, ſword, thou ſhalt grow fat; and thou Battoon
Hold out I prethee, when my labour's done,
I'l plant thee in the Tower-yard, and there
Water'd with wine thou ſhalt revive, and ſpring
In ſpight of Nature with freſh ſucculent boughs,
Which ſhall ſupply the Commonwealth with Cudgels.
Thou I firſt meet after this meal I do
Pronounce unhappy ſhadow; happie yet
In that thou'lt fall by me. Some men I will
Speak into Carcaſſe, Some I'l look to death,
Others I'l breath to duſt, none ſhall hold back
This fatall Arm: The Templers ſhall not dare
T'attempt a reſcue; no mild words ſhall bury
My ſplitted ſpitchcock'd ——

Slic. Oliv'd, haſht ——

Hear. Dri'd, powder'd.

Have. Rotted fury.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Meanwell, Moth.

Mean. IF what I ſpeak prove falſe, then ſtigmatize me.
Mo. I nas not what you mean; Depardieux
Snyb mine old years, Sans fail I wene you bin (you
A Jangler, and a Golierdis.
Mean. I ſwear
By theſe two *Janus* heads you had of us,
And your own too, as reverend as theſe,
There is one loves you that you think not on.
Mot. Nad be, none pleaſaunce is me ylaſt,
This white topwriteth my much years, I wis
My fire yreken is in Aſhen cold,
I can no whit of daliance: If I kiſſen
Theſe thick ſtark briſtles of mine beard will pricken
Ylike the skin of Hownd-fiſh. Sikerly
What wends againſt the grain is lytherly.
Mean. Me thinks y'are ſtrong enough and very luſty,
Fit to get heyres; among your other peeces
Of age and time, let one young face be ſeen
May call you Father.
Mo. Wholſom counſel! but
The world is now full Tykel ſykerly;
'Tis hard to find a Damoſel unwenned;
They being all Coltiſh and full of Ragery,
And full of gergon as is a flecken Pye.
Who ſo with them maketh that bond anon
Which men do clypen ſpouſaile, or wedlock,
Saint Idiot is his Lord I wis.
Mean. This is
No tender and wanton thing, ſhe is a ſtay'd
And ſetled widow, one who'l be a Nurſe

Un-

Unto you in your latter dzies.

Mo. A Norice
Some dele yſtept in age! ſo mote I gone
This goeth aright, how highteth ſhe ſay you?

Mean. Mrs *Joane Potluck*, Vintner *Potluck's* widow.

Mo. Joane Potluck Spinſter. Lore me o thing mere
Alouten, what time gan ſhe brendle thus?

Mean. On Thurſday morning laſt.

Mo. Y' bleſſed Thurſday,
Ycliped ſo from *Thor* the Saxons God.
Ah benedicite I might ſoothly ſayne,
Mine mouth hath itched all this livelong day
All night me met eke, that I was at Kirke;
My heart gan quapp full oft. *Dan Cupido*
Sure ſent thylke ſweven to mine head.

Mean. You ſhall
Know more if you'l walk in. *Exit Meanwel,*

Mo. Wend you before me,
Cembeth thy ſelf, and pyketh now thy ſelf;
Sleeketh thy ſelf; make cheere much Digne good *Robert*:
I do arret thou ſhalt acquainted bin
With Nymphs and Fawny, and Hamadryades;
And yeke the ſiſterne nine Pierides
That were tranſmued into Birds, nemp'd Pyes,
Metamorphoſers, wat well what I mean.
I is as Jollie now as fiſh in Seine. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Hearſay, Caſter, Shape.

Hear. CAn I lie hid no where ſecurely from
The throng, and preſſe of men? muſt every (place
Become a Theater, where I ſeek ſhelter?

And

And ſolitudes become markets, 'cauſe I'm there?
Good Sir, I know your tricks: you would intrap;
This is your ſnare, not your requeſt.
Sha. Take heed,
He's neis'd about for a deep ſearching head:
Ile pawn my life 'tis a trick.
Hear. Leave off theſe Ginnes,
You do not do it handſomly; you think
Y'have met with fooles I warrant.
Sha. On my life
A ſpie, a meere informer.
Caſt. As I hope
For fortunes, my intentions are moſt faire.
Sha. A Gameſters Oath: he hath ſome reſervation.
Hear. Yet did I think you true ——
Caſt. By all that's good,
You do me wrong to think, that I'd wrong you.
Hear. When I lay Agent laſt in new *Atlantis*
I met with what you now deſire, a ſtrange
New way of winning, but yet very ſure.
Were not the danger great I'd ——
Caſt. Do you think
I will betray my ſelf, or you, whom I
Eſteeme above my ſelf? I have as yet
One hundred left; ſome part of which ——
Sha. Faith Sir,
Theſe times require advice; if it ſhould come
Unto the Councels eare once, he might be
Sent into other Kingdoms, to win up
Monies for the relief o'th' State, and ſo
Be as it were an honeſt kind of Exile.
Caſt. If I do e'r diſcover may I want
Monie to pay my Ordinary, may I
At my laſt ſtake (when there is nothing elſe
To loſe the game) throw Ames Ace thrice together.

Ile

Ile give you forty pound in hand ———
Hear. I may
Shew you the vertue of 't, though not the thing;
I love my Country very well. Your high
And low men are but trifles: your poyz'd Dye
That's ballasted with Quicksilver or Gold
Is grosse to this ——
Sha. Profer him more I say.
Cast. Here's fifty ——
Hear. For the bristle Dye it is
Not worth that hand that guides it; toies fit only
For Clerks to win poore Costermongers ware with.
Sha. You do not come on well.
Cast. Here's threescore ——
Hear. Then
Your hollowed thumb join'd with your wriggled box,
The slur, and such like are not to be talk'd of;
They're open to the eye. For Cards you may
Without the help of any secret word,
Or a false hand, without the cut or shuffle,
Or the packt trick, have what you will your self;
There's none to contradict you.
Cast. If you please
But to instruct me here is fourescore pound.
Hear. Do y'think 'tis money I esteeme? I can
Command each Terme, by Art as much as will
Furnish a Navy. Had you but five pound
Left you in all the world, I'd undertake
Within one fortnight you should see five thousand.
Not that I covet any of your drosse,
But that the power of this Art may be
More demonstrably evident, leave in
My hands all but some smaller sum to set,
Something to stake at first.
Sha. Hee'l tell you all

If

If you but ſeem to truſt him.

Caſt. Here I'l lay
Down in your hands all but this little portion,
VVhich I reſerve for a Foundation.

Hear. Being y'are confident of me, and I
Preſume your lips are ſealed up to ſilence,
Take that, which I did never yet diſcover;
So help you Fortune, me Philoſophie.
(I muſt entreat your abſence Mr *Shape.*) *Exit Shape.*
I do preſume you know the ſtrength and pow'r
That lies in Phancie.

Caſt. Strange things are done by it.

Hear. It works upon that which is not as yet.
The little Æthiop Infant had not been
Black in his Cradle, had he not been firſt
Black in the Mothers ſtrong Imagination.
'Tis thought the hairie Child that's ſhewn about
Came by the Mothers thinking on the Picture
Of Saint *Iohn Baptiſt* in his Camels Coat.
See we not Beaſts conceive, as they do fanſie
The preſent colours plac'd before their Eyes?
VVe owe pyed Colts unto the varied horſecloth;
And the white Partridge to the neighbouring ſnow.
Fancie can ſave or kill; it hath clos' up
VVounds when the Ballam could not, and without
The aid of ſalves; to think hath been a cure.
For VVitchcraft then, thats's all done by the force
Of meer Imagination. That which can
Alter the courſe of Nature, I preſume
You'l grant ſhall bear more rule in petty hazzards.

Caſt. It muſt, it muſt, good Sir I pray go on.

Hea. Now the ſtrong'ſt fancies ſtill are found to dwel
In the moſt ſimple; they being eaſieſt won
To the moſt firm beliefe, who underſtand not
VVho 'tis they do believe. If they think 'twill

Be ſo, it will be ſo; they do command,
And check the courſe of Fortune; they may ſtop
Thunder, and make it ſtand, as if arreſted,
In its mid journey: If that ſuch a one
Shall think you'l win, you muſt win; 'tis a due
That nature paies thoſe men in recompence
Of her deficiency, that what e'r they think
Shall come to paſſe. But now the hardeſt will be
To find out one that's capable of thinking.

Caſt. I know you can produce an Inſtrument
To work this your deſign by. Let me owe you
The whole and entire courteſie.

Hear. I've one
Committed to my cuſtody but lately,
The powerfull'ſt that way, I e'r found yet;
He will but think he ſhall b' abus'd in ſuch
A Company, and he's abus'd; he will
Imagine only that he ſhall be cheated,
And he is cheated: All ſtill comes to paſſe.
He's but one pin above a Natural: But ———

Caſt. Wee'l purchaſe him; I'l take up for't; old *Simon*
Shall have my Farme outright now: what's a peece
Of durty Earth to me? a clod? a turf?

Hear. Becauſe I ſee your freer nature's ſuch,
As doth deſerve ſupplies, I'l do my beſt
To win him o'r a while into your ſervice.

Caſt. If I ſhould ſtrive to pay you thanks, I ſhould
But undervalue this great courteſie.
Sir, give me leave to think & worſhip. Stay;
Firſt will I beggar all the Gentlemen
That do keep Termes; then build with what I win.
Next I'l undo all gaming Citizens,
And purchaſe upon that: the Foreman ſhall
Want of his wonted opportunities,
Old *Thomas* ſhall keep home I warrant him.

I will aſcend to the Groom Porters next.
Flie higher Games, and make my mincing Knights
Walk muſing in their knotty Freeze abroad;
For they ſhall have no home. There ſhall not be
That pleaſure that I'l baulk: I'l run o'r Nature;
And when I've ranſack'd her, I'l weary Art;
My means I'm ſure will reach it. Let me ſee
'Twill yearly be——By Heav'n I know not what——

Hear. Ne'r think to ſum it, 'tis impoſſible;
You ſhall ne'r know what Angels, Peeces, Pounds,
Theſe names of want and beggary mean; your tongue
Shall utter nought but millions: you ſhall meaſure,
Not count your moneys; your revenews ſhall
Be proud and inſolent, and unruly;
They ſhall encreaſe above your conquer'd ſpendings
In ſpight of their exceſſe; your care ſhall be
Only to tame your riches, and to make them
Grow ſober, and obedient to your uſe.

Caſt. I'l ſend ſome forty thouſand unto *Paul's*;
Build a Cathedral next in *Banbury*;
Give Organs to each Pariſh in the Kingdom;
And ſo root out the unmuſicall Elect.
I'l pay all Souldiers whom their Captaines won't;
Raiſe a new Hoſpitall for thoſe maim'd People
That have been hurt in gaming; Then build up
All Colleges, that Ruine hath demoliſh'd,
Or, interruption left unperfect.

Hear. 'Twil
Never be done I think, unleſs you do it.
Provide the wealthieſt Gameſters, there's but one
Thing that can do us wrong, Diſcovery.
You have no enemie, but frailty.

Caſt. Night
And ſilence are loud names, compar'd with me.

Hear. I ſee the tide of Fortune rowling in

Without resistance. Go, be close, and happy. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Andrew, Meanwell.

And. UPon my Conscience now he cheated me;
I could have never lost it else so strangely.

Mean. What is a paltry cloak to a man of worth?
It barr'd men only o'th' sight of your body:
Your handsomnesse will now appear the better.

And. He was as like our Mr *Shape*, as could be;
But that he had a patch upon his Cheek,
And a black beard, I should have sworn 'twere he:
It was some body in his cloaths I'm sure.

Mean. Some cunning Cheater upon my life won
His cloak and suit too.

And. There it is for certain.
Pies take him, doth he play for cloaks still? Surely,
He hath a Fly only to win good cloaths. [*Enter Sha.*

Sha. The Pox and Plague take all ill fortune! this
The second time that he hath cheated me:
My very best suit that I had!

And. How now?
What lost your cloak, and suit? A jest I vow;
I vow a pretty jest: 'odsnigs I guess'd so;
I saw him have it on; it made him look as like you,
As like you —— 'Tis a Rogue, a meer Decoy.

Sha. A Rogue, a meer Decoy? and yet like me?

And. Nay hold, I mean he is a Rogue, when that
He hath his own cloaths on. D'y' think that I
Would call him so, when he is in your suit?

Sha. No more of that good *Andrew*, as you love me
Keep in your wit.

And. Speak Tutor, do I use

To

To quarrell? ſpeak good Tutor.

Mean. That wit *Andrew*
Of yours will be th'undoing of you, if
You uſe't no better.

And. Faith I thought I might
Have broke a witty jeſt upon him, being
I've loſt my cloak.

Mean. True, but he has loſt his too:
And then you know that is not lawfull wit. [*Enter Hear.*

Hear. Here's Mr *Credulous*, and old Sir *Thomas*,
They have ſome buſineſſe with you.

Mean. Bring 'em in.

Sha My buſineſſe lies not here Sirs, fare you well. [*Ex.*

A. For Gods ſake don't you tell old Sim on't now. [*Sh.*

ACT II. SCEN. V.

To them, Sir *Thomas Biteſig*, *Credulous*.

Mea. GOd ſave you good Sir *Thomas*.

Sr *Tho.* Save you Sir.

Mean. You're welcome Mr *Credulous*.

Cred. Come hither;
Whither do you ſteal now? what? where's your cloak?

And. Going to foiles ev'n now, I put it off.

Mea. To tell you truth he hath loſt it at Doublets.

Cred. With what a lie you'd flap me in the mouth?
Thou haſt the readieſt invention
To put off any thing —— thou hadſt it from
Thy mother I'l be ſworn; 't nere came from me.

Mean. Peace as you love your ſelf; if that the Knight
Should once perceive that he were given to gaming,
'Twould make him break the match off preſently.

Cred. Sr *Thomas* here's my Son; he may be yours,
If you pleaſe to accept him.

And. Father don't
Give me away for this: try me once more.
Sr *Tho.* I like his perſon well enough, if that
You'l make him an Eſtate convenient.
Mean. He hath more in him Sir than he can ſhew;
He hath one fault, he's ſomething covetous.
Sr *Tho.* Mary a very commendable fault.
Cred. He is deſcended of no great high bloud:
He hath a Houſe, although he came of none.
His Grandfather was a good Livery man,
Paid ſcot and lot, old *Timothy Credulous*
My Father, though I ſay it that ſhould not.
Sr *Tho.* I don't regard this thing, that you call bloud:
'Tis a meer name, a ſound.
Mean. Your Worſhip ſpeaks
Juſt like your ſelf; me thinks he's noble,
That's truely rich: men may talk much of Lines,
Of Arms, of Bloud, of Race, of Pedigree,
Houſes, Deſcents, and Families; they are
But empty noiſe God knows, the idle breath
Of that puff nothing Honour; Formall words,
Fit for the tongues of men that ne'r knew yet
What Stem, what Gentry, nay, what vertue lies
In great Revenues.
Sr *Tho.* Well and pithy ſaid,
You may work on my Daughter, and prevaile,
For that yong ſtripling: 'Tis a fooliſh wench,
An unexperienc'd Girle, ſhe'd like to have been
Caught by Sir *Robert Littleworths* Son, if that
I had not baniſh'd him my houſe: a youth
Honeſt enough I think, but that he's poor;
Born to more Name than Fortune.
Cred. He is ſafe
For ever wooing. I have laid his Father
Out of harm's way; there's picking meat for him:

And

And God knows where he's gon; he hath not been
Seen this long while; he's ſure turn'd vagabond;
No ſight of him ſince th' Arreſt of his Father.
Andrew addreſſe your ſelf too good Sir *Thomas*.

And. 'Slid Father you're the ſtrangeſt man—I won't.

Cre. As God ſhall mend me thou'rt the proudeſt thing--
Thou canſt not complement, but in Capariſons.

And. What's that to you? I'd fain ſay ſomething yet;
But that I can't my loſſes do ſo vex me.

Cred. Come think not on't my Boy, I'l furniſh thee.

And. Sir, though ———

Cred. Nay, to't I ſay; help him Sir, help him.

And. Sir, though without my cloak at this time ——.
To morrow I ſhall have one ——— give me leave
Barely to ſay ——— I am your ſervant Sir ———
In hoſe and doublet.

Cred. I'l do what you told me.

Hear. Take heed: if that you do't hee'l gueſſe you're giv'n
To idle ſpendings, and ſo croſſe the match.
I will invite him as to my ſelf.

Cred. Do ſo.

Hear. Sir *Thomas*, if you'l pleaſe ſo far to grace us,
As be a gueſt to morrow here, we ſhall
Study hereafter to deſerve the favour.

Sr *Tho*. Although I do not uſe to eat at Ord'naries,
Yet to accept your courteſie, good friends,
I'l break my wonted cuſtome.

Hear. You ſhall have it
With a free heart.

Sr *Tho*. If I thought otherwiſe,
I do aſſure you, I'd not venture hither.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Moth.

Moth. HArrow alas! I ſwelt here as I go;
Brenning in fire of little *Cupido*.
I no where hoart yfeele, but on mine head.
Huh, huh, huh, ſo; ycapred very wele.
I am thine Leeke, thou *Chaucer* eloquent;
Mine head is white, but o mine taile is green.
This is the Palyes where mine Lady wendeth

Saint Francis, *and Saint* Benedight,
Bleſſe this houſe from wicked wight,
From the Night-mare and the Goblin,
That is hight good fellow Robin.
Keep it from all evill Spirits,
Fayries, Weezels, Rats and Ferrets,
From Curfew time
To the next prime.

Come forth mine Duck, mine Bryd, mine honycomb.
Come forth mine Cinamon. *Enter Mrs Potluck.*

Pot. Who is't that cals?

Mo. A Knight moſt Gent.

Pot. What is your pleaſure Sir?

Mo. Thou art mine pleaſure, by dame *Venus* brent;
So freſh thou art, and therewith ſo lycand.

Pot. Alas! I am not any flickering thing:
I cannot boaſt of that ſlight-fading gift
You men call beauty; all my handſomneſſe
Is my good breeding, and my honeſty.

I could plant red, where you now yellow ſee;
But painting ſhews an harlot.
Moth. Harlot, ſo
Called from one *Harlotha* Concubine
To deignous *Wilhelme*, hight the Conqueror.
Pot. Were he ten *Williams*, and ten Conquerors
I'd have him know't, I ſcorn to be his Harlot.
I never yet did take preſſe-money to
Serve under any one.
Moth. Then take it now.
Werme kiſſe! Thine lips ytaſte like marrow milk;
Me thinketh that freſh butter runneth on them.
I grant well now, I do enduren woe,
As ſharp as doth the *Titius* in Hell,
Whoſe ſtomack fowles do tyren ever more,
That highten Vultures, as do tellen Clerkes.
Pot. You've ſpoke my meaning, though I do not know
What 'tis you ſaid. Now ſee the fortune on't;
We do know one anothers Souls already;
The other muſt needs follow. Where's your dwelling?
Mo. Ycloſe by *Alderſgate* there dwelleth one
Wights clypen *Robert Moth*; now *Alderſgate*
Is hotten ſo from one that *Aldrich* hight;
Or elſe of Elders, that is, ancient men;
Or elſe of Aldern trees which growden there;
Or elſe as Heralds ſay, from *Almredus*:
But whence ſo e'r this Yate ycalled is
There dwelleth *Robert Moth* thine Paramour.
Pot. Can you be conſtant unto me as I
Can be to you?
Moth. By *Woden* God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wenſday, that is Wodenſday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep,
Unto thylke in which I creep into
My Sepulchre; I'l be as faithfull to thee,

As

As Chaunticleere to Madam Partelot.

Pot. Here then I give away my heart to you,
As true a heart as ever widow gave.

Moth. I *Robert Moth*, this tenth of our King
Give to thee *Joan Potluck* my biggeſt crumpe Ring:
And with it my Careaſſe entire I bequeathen
Under my foot to Hell, above my head to heaven:
And to witneſſe that this is ſooth,
I bite thy red lip with my tooth.

Pot. Though for a while our bodies now muſt part,
I hope they will be joyn'd hereafter.

Moth. O!
And muſt we part? alas, and muſt we ſo?
Sin it may be no bet, now gang in peace. *Ex. Potluck*
Though ſoft into mine bed I gin to ſink
To ſleep long as I'm wont to done, yet all
Will be for naught; I may well lig and wink,
But ſleep ſhall there none in this heart yſink. *Exit*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Credulous, and *Shape* dogging him.

Cred. SO now the Morgage is mine own outright;
I ſwear by the faith of my Body now
It is a pretty thing, o' my corporal Oath
A very pretty thing. Beſides the houſe,
Orchards, and Gardens: ſome two hundred Acres
Of Land that beareth as good Country corn,
For Country corn, as may be.

Shap. As I'd have it.

Cr. How now good friend! where doſt thou live? doſt (thou
Know *Caſter's* Farme?

Shap. Yes Sir; I fear 'tis gon:
Sure *Caſter's* Farme is caſt away.

Cred.

Cred. A jeſt!
Good troth a good one of a Country one;
I ſee there's wit there too. Then thou doſt know it.
Shap. I am affraid I ſhall not know it long;
I ſhall loſe my acquaintance.
Cred. 'Snigs another!
A very perillous head, a dangerous brain.
Sha. God bleſſe my Maſter, and the Devil take
Some body elſe.
Cred. Um! that's not quite ſo good
As th' other two; that ſome body elſe is me:
(Now you ſhall ſee how hee'l abuſe me here
To mine own face) why ſome Body elſe good Brother?
Sha. The rich gout rot his bones; an hungry, old,
Hard griping Citizen, that only feeds
On Heyrs and Orphans goods, they ſay muſt have it:
One that ne'r had the wiſdom to be honeſt;
And's therefore Knave, 'cauſe 'tis the eaſier Art.
I know he hath not given half the worth on't.
'Tis a meer cheat.
Cred. 'Slid Brother thou haſt paid him
To th' utmoſt, though he hath not paid thy Maſter.
Now is my wit up too: this Land I ſee
Will make men thrive i'th' brain.
Sha. Would he were here,
Who e'r he be, I'd give him ſomewhat more
Into the bargain: a baſe thin-jaw'd ſneaksbill
Thus to work Gallants out of all. It grieves me
That my poor Tenement too goes into th' ſale.
Cred. What have I done? now wit deliver me.
If he know I am he, hee'l cut my throat;
I never ſhall enjoy it: ſure it was
Your Maſters ſeeking friend; he would ne'r elſe
Have had to doe with it; he that bought it is
A very honeſt man; and if you pleaſe him

Will

Will deale with you. I may ſpeak a word
In your behalf: 'twont be the worſe for you.
Sha. I'm going Sir unto him; do you know
Where I may find him?
Cred. What if I am he?
Sha. I am afraid he is not half ſo honeſt
As you do ſeem.
Cred. Faith I'm the ſame; I try'd
What metal thou waſt made of: I perceive
Thou wilt not flinch for th' wetting; thou mayſt be
My Bayliff there perhaps.
Sha. And't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Cred. So now the caſe is alter'd.
Sha. I do know
It was my Maſters ſeeking, you would ne'r
Have had to do with't elſe. He ſent me to you
For the laſt hundred pound, by the ſame token,
That you invited him to th' eating houſe.
Cred. (O this ſimplicity! he does not know
Yet what an Ordnary means.) I was now coming
To have paid it in.
Shap. I'l ſave your Worſhip that
Labour an't pleaſe you: let me now begin
My Bayliffeſhip.
Cred. 'Snigs wiſer yet than ſoe.
Where is thy Maſter?
Shap. Sir, my Maſter's here
I thank my ſtars; but Mr *Caſter* is
At an Horſe-race ſome ten miles off.
Cred. VVhy then
I'l ſtay till he returns; 'twill be by dinner.
Sha. Your beſt way's now to ſend it; if by chance
The race go on his ſide, your VVorſhip may
Faile of your purchaſe.
Cred. 'Snigs and that's conſiderable.

Here,

Here, here, make haſte with it; but e'r thou goeſt
Tell me, is't a pretty thing?
Sha. O' my corporall Oath,
A very pretty thing: beſides the houſe
Orchards, and Gardens, Some two hundred Acres
Of Land that beareth as good Country Corne,
God give you luck on't.
Cred. Right as I did ſay,
Ev'n word by word. But prethee ſtay a little;
VVhat Meadow ground's there? Paſture in proportion?
Sha. As you would wiſh Sir; I'm in haſte.
Cred. Nay Bayliffe
But one word more, and I have done; what place
Is there to dry wet linnen in?
Sha. O twenty
To hang up cloaths, or any thing you pleaſe.
Your VVorſhip cannot want line-room. God be wi' you.
Cred. But this once and——
Sha. I muſt be gone —— The Race. [*Exit Shape.*
Cred. Little thinkſt thee how diligent thou art
To little purpoſe. 'Snigs I pitty him;
VVhat haſte he makes to cheat himſelf! poor foole!
Now I am ſafe the wretch muſt pardon me
For his poor Tenement; all's mine. I'l ſow
One ground or other every month with Peaſe:
And ſo I will have green ones all the year.
Theſe Yeomen have no Policie i'th'world. *Exit.*

ACT III. SCEN. III

Priſcilla, Meanwell.

Priſ. PRay y' entertain your ſelf a while, untill
I give my Miſtris notice of your preſence.
I'd leave a book with you, but that *I* ſee
You

You are a Gentleman: perhaps you'l find
Some pretty ſtories in the hangings there.
Mean. Thank you ſweet-heart.
Priſc. (A very proper man)
If't lye in me to doe you any pleaſure,
Pray you Sir uſe me, you ſhall find me ready. [*E. Pr.*
Me. I make no doubt of that: theſe Implements,
Theſe chamber Properties are ſuch ripe things,
They'l fall with the leaſt touch. From twelve to twenty
They thinke that others are to ſue to them;
When once they've paſt theſe limits, they make bold
I cannot ſay to wooe, that's ſomthing modeſt,
But aske downright themſelves. *Ent.* Mrs *Jane.*
Jan. Leave us *Priſcilla*,
And wait without awhile.
Mean. Faire Miſtres pardon
The boldneſſe of a ſtranger, who uncivilly
Thus interrupts your better thoughts.
Jan. May I
Demand your buſineſſe.
Mean. Under favour thus.
Not to uſe farther circumſtance faire Virgin,
(And yet leſſe faire 'caute Virgin) you are one
That are the thought, the care, the aime, the ſtrife,
I ſhould not erre if I ſhould ſay the madneſſe
Of all young men; all ſighs, all folded Armes,
All o'r-caſt looks, all broken ſleeps are ow'd
Only to you.
Jan. I'm ſorry I ſhould be
A trouble unto any: if I could
Afford the remedy as well as now
I doe your grief, aſſure your ſelfe that cure
Shall be the birth of my next Action.
Mean. That cure is my requeſt. If that this were
Mine own ſute, I had us'd no circumſtance.

Young

Young Maſter *Credulous* a proper man
(For ſure he ſhall be rich) one whom the whole
Liſt of our City-Virgins dote on —— you
Conceive the reſt I know.
Jan. Alas, what ailes him?
I'l not be ſlack to doe him any good.
Mean. 'Tis in your power. He is very much
If you will know't —— But ſure you will not grant
If I ſhould tell you ——
Jan. If you thus preſume
That I am hard, you only aske denyall:
Your expectations croſs'd except you faile.
Mean. If you will know it then, he is in love.
Jan. I pitty him indeed poore heart: with whom?
Mean. Even with your beautious ſelf.
Jan. 'Tis not well done
To ſcoffe one ne'r did injure you.
Mean. I vow
By all that's good, by your faire ſelfe, I am
As tender of you as that bleſt one is
Who e'r he be that loves you moſt. If I
In any caſe abuſe you, let me be
More miſerable than *Little-worth*.
Jan. Is he become expreſſion? is his Fate
The period of ill wiſhes? ſure he never
Deſerv'd ſo ill from you.
Mean. I don't reflect
Upon his ruin'd Fortunes, but your coldneſſe.
And ſure I may call him unhappy, whom
You doe neglect.
Jan. That man, where ere he be,
Is happier than your ſelfe; and were he here,
You ſhould ſee him receiv'd and your ſelf ſcorn'd.
Mean. I doe not thinke ſo Lady; ſure you would
Make more of me than ſo. I'l bring the man,

And

And so confute you.

Jan. It may be I might
Love you the better something for that Office,
If he might enter here.

Mean. Nay I could tell
Y'had cast him off: alas you need not hide it,
I have it from himselfe.

Jan. Doth he think so?
Could I but see him ——

Mean. If his sight can bring
But the least joy unto you (as perhaps
You'l take some pleasure in his misery)
You shall enjoy it.

Jan. I doe feare you promise
Only to raise my hopes awhile, and then
To triumph in their Ruine.

Mean. That you may
See how my breast and tongue agree, I'l leave
This Ring with you till I return again.

Jan. My *Littleworth*! foole that I was: could I
Not all this while perceive 'twas thee? why didst thou
Deferre my joy thus long by suffering me
To stand i'th' Cloud?

Mean. Alas! I ghess'd I'd been
Infectious to thee now; that thou wouldst look
On a disease more mildly than on me:
For Poverty is counted a contagion.

Jan. I call this kisse to witnesse (which I wish
If I prove false may be the last to me
Which friends pay dying friends) I ne'r will be
Others than thine.

Mean. I like the vow so well,
That the same way I'l seale my promise too.
If I prove not as thou (that is most constant)
May this kisse be, that I may wish it worse,

Than

Than that which is due to departing ſouls;
The laſt that I ſhall take from thee. I am
Sent here, but yet unknown to them that ſend me,
To be anothers Spokes-man. The man is
That fooliſh Son of Mr *Credulous*:
Thou muſt pretend ſome liking: 'twas thy Father
Granted me this acceſſe to win thee for him;
Be thou no way averſe. 'T ſhall be my care
So to bring things about, that thou ſhalt be
Mine by conſent in ſpight of miſery.

Jan. Be ſecret, and Love proſper thy deſign. *Ex. Jan.*

Mean. Happy that man that meets ſuch faithfulneſſe.
I did not think it had been in the Sex.
I know not now what's miſery. Peace: my Fair [*Muſick.*
Is hallowing the Lute with her bleſt touch.

A Song within.

1. *COme, o come, I brook no ſtay:*
He doth not love that can delay.
See how the ſtealing Night
Hath blotted out the Light,
And Tapers do ſupply the Day.

2. *To be chaſte is to be old,*
And that fooliſh Girle that's cold
Is fourſcore at fifteen:
Deſires do write us green,
And looſer flames our youth unfold.

Mean. 'T cannot be her, her voice was ne'r prophan'd
With ſuch immodeſt numbers.

3. *See the firſt Taper's almoſt gone,*
Thy flame like that will ſtraight be none;

And I as it expire
Not able to hold fire.
She loseth time that lies alone.

Mean. 'Tis the breath
Of something troubled with Virginity.

4. *O let us cherish then these Pow'rs*
While we yet may call them ours:
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous Chime,
But sprightfull kisses strike the Hours.

Mean. What dost thou mean? [*Enter Priscilla.*
Pris. Only to please you Sir.
Mean. Sweetest of things was't thou? I faith I guess'd
'Twould be no others melody but yours.
There have been many of your sex much given
Unto this kind of musick.
Pris. Sappho was
Excellent at it: but *Amphion* he
He was the man that out-did all; 'tis said
Of him, that he could draw stones with the sound
Of his sweet strings. I'd willingly arrive
At some perfection in the Quality.
Mean. I do acknowledge your desires most prone.
This for your trouble.
Pri. I am not mercenary,
Your acceptation is reward enough.
Mean. You have it then.
Pris. Beauty go with you Sir.
[*Exeunt several waies.*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Credulous, Hearsay, Slicer, to them Sir *Thomas Bitefig*, *Haveatall, Caster*, as to the Ordinary.

Cred. YOur welcome friends, as I may say ——
Hear. You do forget.
Cred. — That am a guest as well as you.
Slic. Most noble sons of Fortune, and of Valour,
You grace us with your presence: you must pardon
Our small provision.
Hear. No variety here
But you most noble guests, whose gracious looks
Must make a dish or two become a feast.
Have. I'l be as free as 'twere mine own.
Cast. Who thinks
On any thing that borders upon sadnesse
May he ne'r know what's mirth, but when others
Laugh at his sullen wrinkles.
Have. We will raise
A noise enough to wake an Alderman,
Or a cast Captaine, when the reck'ning is
About to pay.
Cre. Hang thinking, 'snigs I'l be
As merry as a Pismire; come let's in.
Slic. Let's march in order military Sirs.
Ha. That's well remember'd most compleat Lieutenant
Ex. as to the Ordnary.

ACT III. SCEN. V.

Rime-well, Bagshot, Vicar Catchmey, Sir *Christopher*.

Rim. COme my most noble order of the club.
'Cause none will else, let's make much of our (selves.
His letter may procure a Dinner yet.

Bag. Cheer up Sir *Kit*, thou look'ſt too ſpiritually:
ſee too much of the Tith-pig in thee.
Ch. I'm not ſo happy: *Kit's* as hungry now
As a beſieged City, and as dry
As a Dutch Commentator. This vile world
Ne'r thinks of Qualities: good truth I think
'T hath much to anſwer for. Thy Poetry
Rimewell, and thy voice Vicar *Catchmey*, and
Thy Law too *Bagſhot* is contemn'd: 'tis pitty
Profeſſions ſhould be ſlighted thus. The day
Will come perhaps, when that the Commonwealth
May need ſuch men as we. There was a time
When Coblers were made Church-men, and thoſe black'd
Smutch'd Creatures thruſt into white Surpliſſes,
Look'd like ſo many Magpies, and did ſpeak
Juſt as they, by rote. But now the Land
Surfets for ſooth. Poor Labourers in Divinity
Can't earn their groat a day, unleſſe it be
Reading of the Chriſtian buriall for the dead:
When they ev'n for that reaſon truly thank
God for thus taking this their Brother to him.
Catch. Something profane Sir *Chriſtopher.*
Chri. When I
Levell my larger thoughts unto the Baſis
Of thy deep ſhallowneſs, am I prophane?
Henceforth I'l ſpeak, or rather not ſpeak, for
I will ſpeak darkly.
Catch. There's one comfort then
You will be brief.
Chri. My briefneſs is prolix;
Thy mind is bodily, thy ſoul corporeal;
And all thy ſubtile faculties are not ſubtile,
Thy ſubtilty is dulneſs. I am ſtrong.
I will not be conceiv'd by ſuch Mechanicks.
Rime. I do conceive you though Sir *Chriſtopher*,

My

My Muſe doth ſometimes take the ſelfſame flight.
Chri. Pauci, pauci ques æquus amavit.
But Quadrageſſimall wits, and fancies leane
As ember weeks (which therefore I call leane,
Becauſe they're fat) theſe I do doom unto
A knowing ignorance; he that's conceiv'd
By ſuch is not conceiv'd; ſenſe is non-ſenſe
If underſtood by them. I'm ſtrong again.
Rime. You err moſt Orthodoxly ſweet Sir *Kit.*
Chri. I love that though I hate it: and I have
A kind of diſagreeing conſent to't.
I'm ſtrong, I'm ſtrong again. Let's keep theſe two
In deſperate hope of underſtanding us.
Ridles, and Clouds are very lights of ſpeech:
I'l vaile my careleſſe anxious thoughts, as 'twere
In a perſpicuous cloud, that I may
Whiſper in a loud voice, and ev'n be ſilent
When I do utter words; words did I call them?
My words ſhall be no words, my voice no voice;
My noiſe no noiſe, my very language ſilence.
I'm ſtrong, I'm ſtrong: good Sir you underſtand not.
Bag. Nor do deſire; 'tis meerly froth, and barme,
The yeſt that makes your thin ſmall Sermons work.
Chri. Thou hold'ſt thy peace moſt vocally. Again.
Catch. I hate this Bilke.
Chri. Thou loveſt 'cauſe thou doſt hate.
Thy injuries are Courteſies. Strong again.
Cat. Good *Sampſon* uſe not this your Aſſes jaw-bone.
Chri. Thou'ſt got my love by loſing it; that earneſt
Jeſt hath regain'd my ſoul. *Sampſon* was ſtrong;
He kill'd a thouſand with an Aſſes-jawbone, } *Ent. a Serv.*
And ſo will I. 'ſ', 'ſt— good friend d'y' hear? } *as paſſing by*
Here is a letter friend to Mr *Meanwell.*
Bag. Any Reverſions yet? nothing tranſmiſs'd?
Rime. No gleanings *James?* no Trencher Analects?

Ser. Parly a little with your ſtomacks Sirs.

Catch. There's nothing ſo ridiculous as the hungry:
A faſting man is a good jeſt at any time.

Ser. There is a Gentleman without, that will'd me
To ask if you'l admit of him among you,
He can't endure to be in good company.

Catc. You't merry *James*; yes by all means good *James*;
Admit quoth he? what elſe? pray y' ſend him in. [*Ex. Se.*
Let's be reſolv'd to fall out, now then he
Shall have the glory to compoſe the Quarrel,
By a good dozen of pacificall Beere.

Rime. Bag. Agreed, agreed.

Chri. My Coat allows no Quarrell.

Rime. The Colour bears't if you'l venture the ſtuffe,
The tenderneſſe of it I do confeſſe
Some what denies a grapling.

Chri. I will try,
Perhaps my Spirit will ſuggeſt ſome anger. [*Ent. And.*

An. Save you boon ſparks: wil't pleaſe you to admit me?

Chri. Your Worſhip graceth us in condeſcending
To levell thus your preſence humble Sir.

And. What may I call your name moſt reverend Sir?

Bag. His name's Sir *Kit*.

Chri. My name is not ſo ſhort,
'Tis a triſſyllable, an't pleaſe your Worſhip:
But vulgar tongues have made bold to profane it
With the ſhort ſound of that unhallowed Idoll
They call a Kit. Boy learn more reverence.

Bag. Yes, to my Betters.

And. Nay friends, do not quarrel.

Chri. It is the holy cauſe, and I muſt quarrell.
Thou ſon of Parchment, got between the Standiſh
And the ſtiff Buckram bag: thou that maiſt call
The Pen thy Father, and the inke thy Mother,
The land thy Brother, and the wax thy Siſter,

And

And the good Pillory thy Couzen remov'd,
I ſay learn reverence to thy Betters.
Bag. Set up an hour-glaſſe; hee'l go on untill
The laſt ſand make his Period.
Chri. 'Tis my cuſtome,
I do approve the Calumny: the words
I do acknowledge, but not the diſgrace.
Thou vile ingroſſer of unchriſtian deeds.
Bag. Good *Iſrael Inſpiration* hold your tongue;
It makes far better Muſick, when you Noſe
Sternolds, or *Wiſdoms* Meeter.
Catch. By your leave
You fall on me now Brother.
Rim. 'Tis my cauſe,
You are too forward Brother *Catchm.*
Catch. I
Too forward?
Rim. Yes I ſay you are too forward
By the length of your *London* meaſure Beard.
Catch. Thou never couldſt entreat that reſpite yet
Of thy diſhoneſty as to get one hair
To teſtifie thy Age.
Bag. I'm beardleſſe too;
I hope you think not ſo of me?
Chri. Yes verily,
Not one hairs difference 'twixt you both.
Rim. Thou violent Cuſhion-thumper, hold thy tongue,
The Furies dwell in it.
Catch. Peace good Sir *Kit.*
Chri. Sir *Kit* again? Thou art a *Lopez*; when
One of thy legs rots off (which will be ſhortly)
Thou'lt beare about a Quire of wicked Paper,
Defil'd with ſanctified Rithmes,
And Idols in the frontiſepiece: that I
May ſpeak to thy capacity, thou'lt be

A Balladmonger.

Catch. I ſhall live to ſee thee
Stand in a Play-houſe doore with thy long box,
Thy half-crown Library, and cry ſmall Books.
By a good godly Sermon Gentlemen ——.
A judgment ſhewn upon a Knot of Drunkards ——
A pill to purge out Popery — The life
And death of *Katherin Stubs* ——.

Chri. Thou wilt viſit windows;
Me thinks I hear thee with thy begging tone
About the break of day waking the Brethren
Out of their morning Revelations.

And. Brave ſport Ifaith.

Rime. Pray y'good Sir reconcile them.
If that ſome Juſtice be i'th' Ordinary now
Hee'l bind them to the peace for troubling him.

Bag. Why ſhould he not good Sir, it is his office,

An. Now 'tis o'this ſide; o for a pair of Cudgels!

Rime. Peace Inkhorn, there's no muſick in thy tongue.

Catc. Thou and thy Rime lye both; the tongue of man
Is born to muſick naturally.

Rime. Thou thing,
Thy belly looks like to ſome ſtrutting hill,
O'r ſhadow'd with thy rough beard like a wood.

Chri. Or like a larger Jug, that ſome men call
A Bellarmine, but we a Conſcience;
Whereon the lewder hand of Pagan workman
Over the proud ambitious head hath carv'd
An Idoll large with beard Epiſcopal,
Making the Veſſel look like Tyrant *Eglon.*

Catch. Prophane again Sir *Chriſtopher* I take it.

Chri. Muſt I be ſtrong again? thou humane beaſt,
Who'rt only eloquent when thou ſayſt nothing,
And appear'ſt handſome while thou hid'ſt thy ſelf,
I'm holy 'cauſe prophane.

And.

And. Couragious Raskals,
Brave Spirits, Souldiers in their daies I warrant.
Bag. Born in the field I do assure your Worship:
This Quarrelling is meat and drink to them.
Rime. Thou lyest. *Bag.* Nay then I do defie thee thus.
[Ba. *draws his Inkhorn and* Ri. *catcheth off Sr* Chr. *hat and spectacles.*]
Rime. And thus I am prepar'd to answer thee.
Ch. For the good Sts sake part them; I am blind,
If that my Spectacles should once miscarry.
Rime. Caytiff, this holy instrument shall quaile thee.
Bag. And this shall send thee to thy couzen furies.
Chri. I feel a film come o'r mine eyes already,
I must look out an Animal conductive,
I mean a Dog.
And. Pray y' beat not out his eyes in
Anothers hands. *Chri.* Most strongly urg'd.
Catch. Your words
Are meerly wind. *James* ho! what *James*! some beer.
They're mastive Dogs, they won't be parted Sir,
Without good store of Liquor. [*Ent. Serv. with beere.*
And. I will souce them.
Ser. Drink t'em Sir, if that you'l have 'em quiet.
An. Is that the way? here's to you my friends; a whol one.
Ba. Were't not for that good Gentleman thou'dst smoak (for't.
Ri. Had I not vow'd some reverence to his presence.
Thou hadst been nothing.
Bag. 'Fore *Mars* I was dry;
This valour's thirsty: fill to my Antagonist.
Rime. No, mine own dish will serve: I'm singular.
Few vessels still do well; I carry this
To drink my beer, while others drink their sack.
I am abstemious *Rimewel*: I hate wine
Since I spake treason last i'th' Celler. Here
Give me thy hand, thou child of fervency.

Didst

Didſt thou miſtruſt thy ſpectacles?
It was no anger, 'twas a Rapture meerly.
Chriſ. Drink, and excuſe it after. *James* your help.
Come Man of voice keep time while that I drink.
This moiſture ſhall dry up all injuries,
Which I'l remember only to forget;
And ſo hereafter, which I'm wont to call
The future now, I'l love thee ſtubbornly.
Your beer is like my words, ſtrong, ſtinging geare.
Catch. Here little Lawyer, let's be friends hereafter;
I love this reconcilement with my heart.
And. 'Tis the beſt deed that e'r I did: O my conſcience
I ſhall make a good Juſtice of the Peace,
There had been bloud-ſhed, if I had not ſtickled.
Ser. More bloud been ſpilt I warrant than beer now.
And. That Inkhorn is a deadly dangerous weapon:
It hath undone one quarter of the Kingdom.
Chriſ. Men ſhould forgive; but thou art far, yea far
From it O *Bagſhot*; thou'rt in love with hate;
Bleſſe me! I ſee the Fiend ſtill in his looks;
He is not reconcilable with drink;
Hee'l never love truly, till he eat with me.
The nature of his Spirit asketh meat:
He hath a Woolf in's breaſt; food muſt appeaſe him.
And. Cold meat will doe it, wil't not?
Rim. Any thing ———
That may imploy the teeth.
And. Goe *James* provide;
You are not merry yet.
Catch. To ſatisfie you
In that point, we will ſing a Song of his.
And. Let's ha't; I love theſe Ballads hugeouſly.

The Song.

1. Catch. *THen our Muſick is in prime,*
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry Notes are fit for Knels:
May lankenes be
No Queſt to me.
The Bagpipe ſounds, when that it ſwels.
Chor. *May lankenes,* &c.

2. Bagſh. *A Mooting Night brings wholſome ſmiles,*
When John an Okes, and John a Stiles,
Doe greaze the Lawyers Satin.
A Reading-Day
Frights French away,
The Benchers dare ſpeak Latin.
Chor. *A Reading,* &c.

3. Rim. *He that's full doth Verſe compoſe;*
Hunger deales in ſullen Proſe:
Take notice and diſcard her.
The empty Spit
Ne'r cheriſh'd Wit,
Minerva *loves the Larder.*
Chor. *The empty Spit,* &c.

4. Chr. *Firſt to break Faſt, then to dine,*
Is to conquer Bellarmine:
Diſtinctions then are budding.
Old Sutcliffs *Wit*
Did never hit,
But after his Bag-pudding.
Chor. *Old* Sutcliffs *Wit,* &c.

And. Moſt

And. Moſt admirable; a good eating Song.

Chri. Let us walk in, and practice it; my Bowels Yern till I am in charity with all.

And. A Chriſtian reſolution good Sr *Chriſtopher. Ex.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Meanwell with a letter in his hand, *Hearſay, Slicer.*

Mea. SWeet Sir *I am moſt paſſionately yours,* [*Mean. reads.*
To ſerve you all the waies I can. Priſcilla.
Very well Penn'd of a young Chambermaid,
I do conceive your meaning ſweet *Priſcilla*:
You ſee I have the happy fortune on't;
A night for nothing, and intreated too.

Slic. Thou doſt not know how I do love thee; let me Make uſe of this, thou'lt have the like occaſion.

Hea. Thou art the fawningſt fellow *Slicer*—*Meanwel* Heark here.

Mean. For Gods ſake be contented Sirs;
I'm fleſh and bloud as well as you. Lieutenant,
Think on your Suburb Beauties; ſweet Intelligencer,
I will by no means bar you of your Lady.
Your ſin I aſſure you will be honourable. [*Exit Mean.*

Slic. Pox o' your liquorous lips; if that ſhe don't
After this ſealing forty weeks deliver
Something unto thee as thy act and deed,
Say I can't Propheſie.

Hear. If I don't ſerve him
A trick he thinks not of——

Slic. Did'ſt mark how he
Did apply himſelf to the Knight all dinner?
I am afraid he plaies the cunning Factor,
And in anothers name woes for himſelf.

Hear. Let it go on; let it work ſomething farther.

'Tis

'Tis almoſt ripe enough to cruſh; he hath not
Crept high enough as yet to be ſenſible
Of any fall.
Slic. Now is the time or never.
This night you know he and his Doxie meet;
Let me alone to give them their goodmorrow.
If that we carry things but one week longer
Without diſcovery, farewell *London* then;
The world's our own. He ne'r deſerves to thrive
That doth not venture for it. Wealth's then ſweet
When bought with hazzard. Fate this Law hath ſet;
The foole inherits, but the wiſe muſt get.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Credulous, Hearſay, Slicer.

Cred. MY *Name's not* Tribulation,
Nor holy Ananias:
I was baptiz'd in faſhion,
Our Vicar did hold Bias.
Hear. What, how now Mr *Credulous?* ſo merry?
Cred. Come let's be mad; by yea and nay my Son
Shall have the Turkiſh Monarchy; he ſhall
Have it directly: the twelve Companies
Shall be his Kickſhaws.
Hear. Baſhaws Sir you mean.
Cred. Well Sir, what if I do? *Andrew* the great Turk!
I would I were a pepper corn if that
It ſounds not well: do'ſt not?
Slic. Yes, very well.
Cred. I'l make it elſe: Great *Andrew Mahomet*,
Imperious *Andrew Mahomet Credulous*,
Tell me which name ſounds beſt.
Hear. That's as you ſpeak 'em.

Cred.

Cred. Oatemeleman *Andrew*, *Andrew* Oatmeleman.
Hear. Ottoman Sir you meane.
Cred. Yes *Ottoman*.
Then Mrs *Jane*, Sir *Thomas Bitefiggs* Daughter,
That may be the she Great Turk, if she please me.
Sli. The Sign o'th' half Moon that hangs at your door,
Is not for nought.
Cred. That's the Turks Armes they say;
The Empire's destin'd to our house directly.
Hang Shop-books, give's some Wine, hay for a noise
Of Fidlers now.
Hear. The Great Turk loves no Musick.
Cred. Doe's he not so? nor I. I'l light Tobacco
With my Sum-totals; my Debt-books shall sole
Pyes at young *Andrew's* Wedding: cry you mercy;
I would say Gentlemen the Great Turks Wedding.
My Deeds shall be slic'd out in Taylors Measures;
They all imploy'd in making Mrs *Mahomet*
New Gowns against the time; hang durty wealth.
Sl. What should the Great Turks father do wth wealth?
Cred. 'Snigs I would fain now heare
Some fighting News. [*Ent. Cast.*
Slic. There's one will furnish you I warrant you.
Cast. Pox! — Plague! — Hell! —— Death! ——
Damn'd luck! — this 'tis! ——
The Devill take all Fortunes: never man
Came off so; quite and clean defunct by Heaven —
Not a peece left.
Cred. What all your Ord'nance lost?
Cast. But one to bear, and lose it! all the world
Was sure against me.
Cred. 'Snigs how many fell?
Cast. He threw twice twelve.
Cred. By'r Lady a shrewd many.
Cast. The Devill sure was in his hand I think.

Cred. Nay

Cred. Nay, if the Devill was againſt you, then ——
Caſt. But one for to be hit in all the time ——
And that too ſafe enough to any ones thinking;
'T ſtood on eleven.
Cred. 'Slid a mighty ſlaughter;
But did he ſtand upon elev'n at once?
Caſt. The Plague take all impertinencies, peace.
Cred. Theſe Souldiers are ſo cholerick there is
No dealing with 'em; then they've loſt the day.
Caſt. 'Twas ten to one by Heaven all the while.
Cred. And yet all kill'd at laſt? hard fortune faith.
What news from *Bruxels*? or the *Hague*? d' y' heare
Ought of the Turks deſigns?
Caſt. I'l make thee news
For the Coranti Dotard.
Cred. Ay, the Coranti,
What doth that ſay?
Caſt. O hell! thou fooliſh thing
Keep in that tongue of thine, or—
Slic. Good now peace,
He's very furious when he's mov'd.
Hear. This 'twas.
You muſt be ventring without your Fancy-man.
Cred. What Officer's that Fancy-man, Lieutenant?
Some great Commander ſure.
Caſt. Pox! let it go;
I'l win't again: 'twas but the Reliques of
An idle hundred.
Cred. 'Snigs and well remember'd.
You did receive the hundred that I ſent you
To th' Race this morning by your man, my Bayliffe?
Caſt. Take him away, his wine ſpeaks in him now.
Cred. Godſnigs the Farme is mine, and muſt be ſo.
Slic. Debate theſe things another time, good friends.
Enter Haveatall.
Come

Come, come, have Patience. Od's my life away.
There's Mr *Haveatall* is mad; hee'l ſpit you,
If he but know you are a Uſurer.
Cre. A plot, a plot to take away my life and Farm. [*Ex.*
Have. Fight as I live with any one. Lieutenant
Do not come neer me now, nor yet thou *Caſter*;
It works, 'fore *Mars* it works; I'l take my walk,
And if I do find any one by *Iove* —— *En. Haveatall.*
Caſt. What's he fox'd too? ſome drunken Planet raigns
And works upon the world; Provide my fancie
God Noble Patron: I'l win ſoberly,
I itch till I have beggard all the City. *Exit Caſt.*
Hea. Till that you have undone your ſelf you mean. *En.*
Mo. Ey ſave you both: for derne love ſayen ſoothly *Mo.*
Where is thylk amebly, *Francklin*, cleped *Meauwel*?
Hear. Hee's gone abroad.
Mo. Lere me whylk way he wended.
Slic. He is gon o'r the fields.
Hear. To the Knights houſe.
Mo. Why laugh you every dele? ſo mote I gone,
This goeth not aright; I dread ſome Covin. *Exit Moth*
Slic. Now will he meet with *Haveatall*; there'll be
A Combate worthy Chronicle. Let's go
And ſee how this grave motion will beſtir him. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCEN. II.

Haveatall, after a while *Moth*, *Slicer* and *Hearſay* watching.

Ha. WHat, no man yet march by? who e'r comes
I'l give him one rap more for making me (next
Stay here ſo long. *Enter Moth.*
So ſo here h'is; how ſhall
I do to know where he be a Gentleman,

Or

Or Yeoman or Serving-man? I think
I'd beſt ſuppoſe him all, and beat him through
Every degree, and ſo I ſhall not wrong him.
What? who goes there?
Moth. Waes heal thou gentle Knight. (thou?
Hav. Waes heal thou gentle Knight? ſpeak what art
Speak quickly doe: Villain know'ſt thou not me?
Moth Now by my troath I know not your Name;
Whider I ſhall call you my Lord *Dan John*,
Or *Dan Thomas*, or *Dan Robert*, or *Dan Albon*:
I vow to God thou haſt a full faire chine;
Upon my faith art ſome Officer.
Hav. Have you the pox Sir? ſpeak.
Moth. No.
Hav. No? nor yet
An ach in your Bones!
Moth. No.
Hav. No? why then you are
No Gentleman; Lieutenant *Slicer* ſays ſo:
This cudgell then ſerves turn.
Moth. You will not foyn?
Hav. I will not foyn, but I will beat you ſir.
Moth. Why intermete of what thou haſt to done;
So leteth me alone, 't ſhall be thy beſt.
Hav. I fancy'd you a beating; you muſt have it.
You ſhall not ſay but I will ſhew you favour.
Chooſe where you will be hacked with my ſword,
Or bruis'd by my Batton.
Moth. Dre not thy true,
And paynant *Morglay* out of Shete. Lo thus
Eftſoons Sir Knight, I greet thee lowting low.
Hav. Done lower yet.
Moth. Rueth on my gray haires.
Hav. Yet lower: ſo, then thus I do beſtride thee.
Moth. *Tubal* the ſonne of *Lamech* did yfind

Muſick by knocking Hammers upon Anviles;
Let go thine blows, thylke Art is no compleat.
Hav. Doſt thou make me a Smith thou Rogue? a *Tubal*?
Moth. Harrow alas! flet *Englond*, flet *Englond*:
Dead is *Edmond*.
Hav. Take that for hiſtory.
O brave Lieutenant now thy dinner works.
Mo. I nis not *Edmond Ironſide* God wot.
Ha. More provocation yet? I'l ſeal thy lips.
Mo. A twenty Devil way! So did the Saxon
Upon thylke plain of *Sarum*, done to death
By treachery, the Lords of merry *Englond*
Nem eſur Saxes.
Have. Villain doſt abuſe me
In unbaptized language? do not anſwer; [*Moth entreats*
If that thou doſt, by *Iove* I'l ſtrangle thee. *by ſigns.*
Do you make mouths you Raskall thus at me?
You're at dumb Service now: why, this is more
Unſufferable than your old patch'd gibberiſh;
This ſilence is abuſe. I'l ſend thee to
The Place of it, where thou ſhalt meet with *Oſwald*,
Vortigern, *Harold*, *Hengiſt*, *Horſey*, *Knute*,
Alured, *Edgar*, and *Cunobeline*. [*Slic. Hear ſtep in.*
Thus, thus I ſheath my Sword.
Slic. Redoubled Knight
Enough, 'tis thy foe doth vanquiſh'd lie
Now at thy mercy, mercy not withſtand,
For he is one the trueſt Knight alive,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly ground.
Ha. Thou ow'ſt thy life to my Lieutenant, Caitife.
Breath and be thankfull.
Mo. I reche not thine yeſt;
Maugre thine head, algate I ſuffer none,
I am thine lefe, thine deere, mine *Potluck Jone*.
Exeunt.

ACT

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Andrew, Priſcilla.

And. FAireſt of things — tralucent creature—Hang me
If I do know what's next.
Priſ. This meant to mee?
And. Faireſt of things—tralucent creature—rather
Obſcured Deity——'Tis gone again.
Lady will you eat a peece of Gingerbread?
Priſ. You might have better manners than to ſcoff
One of my breeding.
An. Heark; indad I love you.
Priſ. Alas!
An. I vow I burn in love, as doth
A penny Faggot.
Priſ. Hey ho!
An. And I ſhall
Blaze out Sir reverence if ye do not quench me.
Priſ. Indeed now?
An. Though I ſay't that ſhould not ſay't,
I am affected towards you ſtrangely.
Priſ. Now who'd have thought it?
An. There's a thing each night
Comes to my Bedshead and cries Matrimony;
Matrimony *Andrew.*
Priſ. God forbid.
An. It is
Some Spirit that would joyn us.
Pri. Goodly, goodly.
An. Then do I ſhake all over.
Priſ. Doth it ſo?
An. Then ſhake again.
Priſ. I pray you now.

And. Then cry
of things —— tralucent creature —— rather
Obscured Deity, sweet Mrs *Jane*,
I come I come.

Prisc. Sweet Sir you are deceiv'd:
I'm but her woeman; here she comes her self. [*En.* Mrs *Ja.*

And. Now as my Father saith, I would I were
A Cucumber if I know what to doe.

Jan. Why how now *Prisc*? who's that that useth you
So lovingly?

And. Fairest of things —— 'tis one
Tralucent Creature —— 'tis —— Ay that it is
One ——

Prisc. That would willingly run out of doores,
If that he had but Law enough.

And. I say ——

Jan. Nay ben't afraid: here's none shall doe you harm.

An. 'Tis one that brought his Pigs to the wrong market.
You keep your woman here so fine, that I
Had like t'have made a proper businesse on't
Before I was aware. If any thing
Doe prove amisse, indeed-law you shall be
The Father on't. But know tralucent Creature
I am come off entire, and now am yours
Whole, *Andrew Creamlous*, your servants servant.

Jan. Methinks you contradict your self: how can you
Be wholly mine, and yet my servants servant?

And. I doe but complement in that (I see
Downright's the best way here) if thou canst love
I can love too. Law thee there now. I'm rich.

Jan. I use not to look after riches; 'tis
The person that I aime at.

And. That is me;
I'm proper, handsom e faire, clean-limb'd: I'm rich.

Jan. I must have one that can direct and guide me;

A Guardian rather than a Husband; for
I'm fooliſh yet.
An. Now ſee the luck on't Lady
So am I too Ifaith.
Jan. And who e'r hath me
Will find me to be one of thoſe things which
His care muſt firſt reform.
An. Do not doubt that;
I have a head for Reformation:
This noddle here ſhall do it. I am rich.
Jane. Riches create no love; I fear you mean
To take me for formality only,
As ſome ſtaid peece of houſholdſtuff perhaps
Fit to be ſeen 'mong other ornaments:
Or at the beſt I ſhall be counted but
A name of dignity; not entertain'd
For love but State; one of your train, a thing
Took to wipe off ſuſpicion from ſome fairer
To whom you have vow'd Homage.
An. Do not think
I've any Plots or Projects in my Head,
I will do any thing for thee that thou
Canſt name or think on.
Priſ. Pray you try him Miſtris,
By my Virginity I think hee'l flinch.
And. By my Virginity (which is as good
As yours I'm ſure) by my Virginity
If that we men have any ſuch thing (as
We men haue ſuch a thing) I do beleeve
I will not flinch. Alas! you don't know *Andrew.*
Jan. Can you obtain but ſo much reſpite from
Your other Soverains ſervice, as to keep
Your Eye from gazing on her for a while?
An. If I do look on any woman, nay,
If I do caſt a ſheeps eye upon any

But your ſweet ſelf, may I loſe one of mine:
Marry I'l keep the other howſoe'r.
Jane. I know not how I may beleeve you; you'l
Swear you ne'r caſt a glance on any, when
Your eye hath baited at each face you met.
An. Blind me good now: being you miſtruſt, I will
Be blinded with this handkercheife; you ſhall
See that I love you now. So, let me have
But any reaſonable thing to lead me home,
I do not care though 't be a Dog, ſo that
He knows the way, or hath the wit t'enquire it.
Jane. That care Sir ſhall be mine. [*Ex. Iane, and Priſ.*
An. I doubt not, but
I ſhall be in the Chronicle for this,
Or in a Ballad elſe. This handkercheif
Shall be hung up i'th' Pariſh Church inſteed
Of a great ſilken flag to fan my grave:
With my Arms in't, pourtray'd in good blew thread
With this word underneath: *This, this was he*
That ſhut his eyes becauſe he would not ſee.
Hold who comes there? [*Ent. Mean. Shape.*
Mean. One Sir to lead you home.
An. Who? Tutor *Meanwell?*
Sha. Yes I do commit you { *Shape counterfeits Mrs Janes voice.*
Unto your truſty friend, If you perform
This vow we may——
An. I'l ſay your ſentence out,
Be man and wife.
Sha. If you'l do ſomething elſe
That I'l propoſe.
An. Pray make your own conditions.
Sha. You'l promiſe me you'l not be jealous of me?
An. Do what you will I'l truſt you.
Sha. never hire
Any to tempt me?

An. By this light (I would ſay
By this darkneſſe) I never will.
Sha. Nor mark
On whom I laugh? ———
An. No.
Sha. Nor ſuſpect My ſmiles,
My nods, my winks?——
An. No, no.
Sha. Nor yet keep count
From any Gallants viſit?
An. I'l ne'r reckon;
You ſhall do what you will.
Sha. You'l never ſet
Great Cheſts and Formes againſt my Chamber Door,
Nor pin my ſmock unto your ſhirt a nights,
For fear I ſhould ſlip from you ere you wake?
An. As I do hope for Day I will not.
Sha. Give me
Some ſmall pledge from you to aſſure your love;
If that you yet prove falſe, I may have ſomething
To witneſſe your inconſtancy. I'l take
This little Ruby: this ſmall bluſhing ſtone
From your fair finger.
An. Take it Sweet; there is
A Diamond in my Bandſtring, if you have
A mind to that I pray make uſe of 't too.
Sha. In troth a ſtone of luſtre, I aſſure you
It darts a pretty light, a veget ſpark;
It ſeems an Eye upon your Breaſt.
An. Nay take it,
For loves ſake take it then; leave nothing that
Looks like an Eye about me.
Sha. My good *Andrew*,
'Cauſe of thy reſolution, I'l perform
This office for thee. Take my word for 't, this

Shall ne'r betray thee. *Ex. Shape.*

An. Farewell honeſt *Jany*,
I cannot ſee to thank thee my ſweet *Jany*.
Tutor, your hand good Tutor, lead me wiſely.

Mea. Take comfort man; I have good news for thee:
Thine eyes ſhall be thine own before next morning.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCEN. IV.

Shape, Chirurgion, Mercer.

Sha. HEe's a good friend of mine, and I preſume
Upon your ſecreſie.

Chi. O Sir —— the Deed
By which it came was not more cloſe. D'y' think
I would undo me ſelf by twitting? 'twere
To bring the Gallants all about mine Ears,
And make me mine own Patient. I'm faithfull,
And ſecret, though a Barber.

Sha. Nay, but hear me;
Hee's very modeſt: 'twas his firſt attempt
Procur'd him this infirmity; he will
Be baſhfull I am ſure, and won't be known
Of any ſuch thing at the firſt; you muſt
Be ſure to put him to't.

Chi. Let me alone,
He knows not yet the world I do perceive.
It is as common now with Gentlemen,
As 'tis to follow faſhion; only here
Lyeth the difference, that they keep in this
A little longer. I ſhall have ſo much
Upon your word Sir?

Sha. If you do perform
The cure by that time (twenty peeces Sir.)

You

You are content?
Mer. Yes Sir.
Chi. It ſhall be done *Ex. Shape.*
According to your own preſcription.
Sit down I pray you Sir, this Gentleman
Is a good friend of yours.
Mer. Indeed he is
A very honeſt man as any one
Can wiſh to deal with verily.
Chi. Beleeve't
He loves you very well.
Mer. I am moſt ready
To do him any ſervice truly; pray you
Good Brother don't delay me, I'm in haſte.
Chi. Indeed, and truly, verily good Brother;
How could theſe milk-ſop words e'r get him company
That could procure the Pox? where do you feel
You grief moſt trouble you?
Mer. I'm very well.
What mean you Brother?
Chi. Nay, be not ſo modeſt;
'Tis no ſuch hainous fault, as that you ſhould
Seek thus to hide it: meer ill fortune only ——
Mer. Surely you do forget your ſelf.
Chi. Come, come,
He told me you'ld be ſhamefac'd; you muſt be
Wary hereafter.
Mer. (I do perceive
He is a little mad indeed; the Gentleman
Told me ſo much juſt as I came along)
Yes, yes, I'l be wary, I'l take heed,
Come pray y' diſpatch me.
Chi. So, I like you now.
It is the cuſtome of moſt Gentlemen
Not to confeſſe untill they feel their bones

Begin t' admoniſh 'em.
Mer. You are i'th' right:
Good friend make haſte; I've very urgent buſineſſe.
Chi. Not raſhly neither; Is your Griſtle ſound?
Me thinks 'tis very firm as yet to th' touch.
You fear no danger there as yet Sir, do you?
Mer. No, I'l aſſure you. (He muſt have his humour;
I ſee he is not to be croſs'd.)
Chi. When did you
Feel the firſt grudging on't? 'tis not broke out
In any place?
Mer. No, no: I pray y' diſpatch me.
Chi. Theſe things deſire deliberation;
Care is requir'd.
Mer. Good Brother go t'your Cheſt.
Chi. How can I know what Med'cines to apply,
If that you tell me not where lies your grief?
Mer. Nay good now let me go.
Chi. I muſt not Sir,
Nor will not truly: truſt me you will wiſh
You had confeſs'd and ſuffer'd me in time,
When you ſhall come to dry burnt Racks of Mutton,
The Syren, and the Tub.
Mer. So now enough;
Pray fetch me what you promis'd.
Chi. Are you wild,
Or mad? I do proteſt I ne'r did meet
A Gentleman of ſuch perverſneſſe yet.
I find you juſt as I was told you ſhould.
Mer. I loſe the taking, by my ſwear, of taking
As much, whiles that I am receiving this.
Chi. I will not hinder you, if that you do
Prefer your gain before your health.
Mer. Well then
I pray you tell it out; we Tradeſmen are not

Ma-

Masters of our own time.
Chi. What would you have?
Mer. What would I have? as if you did not know;
Come come leave jesting now at last good Brother.
Chi. I am in earnest Sir.
Mer. Why, I would have
My money Sir, the twenty peeces that
The Gentleman did give you order now
To pay me for the Velvet, that he bought
This morning of me.
Chi. O! the Gentleman ——
Mer. You should not make a laughing stock good Brother
Of one that wrongs you not; I do professe
I won't be fubb'd ensure your self.
Chi. The Gentleman!
Oh! oh! the Gentleman! is this the cure
I should perform? truly I dare not venture
Upon such desperate Maladies.
Mer. You are
But merrily dispos'd?
Chi. Indeed they are
Too high for my small Quality; verily
Perhaps good Brother you might perish under
Mine hands truly; I do profess I am not
Any of your bold Mountebanks in this.
Mer. You're still dispos'd——
Chi. To laugh at you good Brother.
Gull'd by my swear, by my swear gull'd; he told me
You had a small infirmity upon you,
A griefe of youth, or two; and that I should
Have twenty peeces for the cure. He ask'd you
If that you were content, you answered yes.
I was in hope I'd gain'd a Patient more;
Your best way is to make haste after him.
Mer. Now could I beat my self for a wise fool

That

That I was, thus to truſt him. *Exit.*

Chi. B' w' y' Brother.

'Fore God a good one. O! the Gentleman. *Ex laughing.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Rimewell, Bagſhot, Catchmey, Sir *Chriſtopher*; A Song at a window; congratulating (as they think) Mr *Meanwels* Marriage.

1. *Whiles early light ſprings from the skies,*
A fairer from your Bride doth riſe;
A brighter Day doth thence appear,
And make a ſecond morning there:
Her bluſh doth ſhed
All o'r the bed,
Clean ſhamefac'd beames
That ſpread in ſtreames,
And purple round the modeſt aire.

2. *I will not tell what ſhreeks, and cries,*
What Angry Diſhes, and what ties,
What pretty oaths then newly born
The liſtning Taper heard there ſworn:
Whiles froward ſhe
Moſt peeviſhly
Did yielding fight
To keep o'r night
What ſhee'd have profer'd you ere morn.

3. *Faire, we know, maids do refuſe*
To grant what they do come to loſe.
Intend a Conqueſt you that wed;
They would be chaſtly raviſhed.
Not any kiſſe

From

From Mrs Pris,
If that you do
Perſwade and woe.
Know pleaſure's by extorting fed.

4. *O may her arms wax black and blew*
Only by hard encircling you:
May ſhe round about you twine
Like the eaſie twiſting Vine;
And whiles you ſip
From her full lip
Pleaſures as new
As morning Dew,
Let thoſe ſoft Tyes your hearts combine.

Sing. God give you joy Mr *Meanwell.* God give your Worſhip good morrow.
Rim. Come let's be going.
Chr. Hold, a blow I'l have,
One jerk at th' times, wrap'd in a benediction
O'th' Spouſes teeming, and I'l go with you.

A Song.

NOw thou our future Brother,
That ſhalt make this Sponſe a Mother,
Spring up, and Dod's *bleſſing on't.*
Shew thy little ſorrell Pate
And prove regenerate
Before thou be brought to the Font.
May the Pariſh Surplice be
Cut in peeces quite for thee,
To wrap thy ſoft body about;
So 'twill better ſervice do
Reformed thus into

The

The state of an Orthodox Clout.

When thou shalt leave the Cradle,
And shalt begin to waddle,
And trudge in thy little Apron;
Mayst thou conceive a grace
Of half an hours space,
And rejoice in thy Friday Capon.
For an errour that's the Flocks
Name Mr Paul, *but urge St* Knoxe;
And at every reform'd Dinner,
Let cheese come in, and preaching,
And by that third Course teaching,
Confirm an unsatisfi'd Sinner.
Thence grow up to hate a Ring,
And defie an offering:
And learn to sing what others say.
Let Christ-tide be thy fast,
And lent thy good repast:
And regard not an Holy day.

Enter Constable and Assistants.

Con. Lay hold on them; lay hold on them I say:
I'l hamper them.
Cat. Hell take your headlong zeale;
You must be jerking at the times forsooth.
I am afraid the times will scape, and we
The men of them shall suffer now the scourge.
Con. Let none escape.
Chri. 'Twas godlinesse verily:
It was a Hymn I warbled.
Con. Thou dost lye,
It was no Hymn, it was a Song. Is this
Your filthy Rendevow? you shall be taught
Another tune.
Chr. I do beseech you shew

Me-

Mercifull cruelty, and as 'twere a kind
Of pittifull hardheartedneſſe. I'm ſtrong.
They bring in Andrew, and Priſcilla.
Con. I'm glad you told me ſo, I will provide
Your Ward accordingly. Drag 'em out both.
An. Let me but ſend to th' Ordinary.
Pri. You ſhall not,
The Ord'nary hath ſent to you: No Baile,
I will take none. I'l ſuffer no ſuch ſneaks
As you, t' offend this way. It doth belong
T' your Betters Sir.
An. Here's a ſufficient Man
I do aſſure you, take my word for that.
Con. This ſtaff was made to knock down ſin. I'l look
There ſhall be no Advowtry in my Ward
But what is honeſt. I'l ſee Juſtice done
As long as I'm in office. Come along. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Sir *Thomas Bitefig* as ſick, *Iane.*

Sr *Tho.* NOw that I have made ev'n Girl, with Heav'n;
Though I am paſt the worſt, and I perceive
My dinner only griev'd me, yet 'cauſe Life's
Frail, and uncertain, let me counſell thee,
'Tis good to be before hand ſtill. Firſt then
I charge thee lend no money; next ſerve God;
If ever thou haſt Children teach 'em thrift;
They'l learn Religion faſt enough themſelves.
Nay, do not weep but hearken. When Heav'n ſhall
Pleaſe to call in this Weary Soul of mine,
Ben't idle in expence about my Burial;

Buy

Buy me a ſhroud, any old ſheet will ſerve
To cloath corruption; I can rot without
Fine linnen; 'tis but to enrich the Grave,
And adorn ſtench, no reverence to the dead,
To make 'em crumble more luxurioufly.
One Torch will be ſufficient to direct
The footſteps of my Bearers. If there be
Any ſo kind as to accompanie
My body to the Earth, let them not want
For entertainment, prethee ſee they have
A ſprig of Roſemary dip'd in common water,
To ſmell to as they walk along the ſtreets.
Eatings and drinkings are no obſequies.
Raiſe no oppreſſing Pile to load my Aſhes;
But if thou'l needs b'at charges of a Tomb,
Five or ſix foot of common ſtone engrav'd
With a good hopefull word, or elſe a couple
Of capital letters filled up with pitch,
Such as I ſet upon my Sheep, will ſerve;
State is not meet for thoſe that dwell in duſt.
Mourn as thou pleaſeſt for me, plainneſs ſhews
True grief: I give thee leave to do it for
Two or three years, if that thou ſhalt think fit.
'Twill ſave expence in cloaths. And ſo now be
My bleſſing on thee, and my means hereafter.

Jan. I hope Heav'n will not deal ſo rigidly
With me, as to preſerve me to th' unwelcome
Performance of theſe ſad injunctions.

ACT

ACT V. SCEN. II.

To them *Meanwell.*

Mean. GOod health unto you Sir.
Sr *Tho.* I have the more
By reason of the care you took in sending
A Confessor unto me.
Mean. I? a Confessor?
Sure there is some design, some trick or other
Put on you by those men, who never sleep
Unless they've cheated on that Day.
Sir *Tho.* I hope
You do mean your Partners my good friends?
Mean. They ne'r deserve the name of friends, they do
Covet, not love. If any came from them,
It was some Vulture in a holy habit,
Who did intend your Carkasse, nor your safety;
Indeed I know not of't, I've all this while
Appear'd another to you than I am. *Discloseth himself.*
Perhaps you know me now. I'm he whom you
Pleas'd to forbid your house, whom Mr *Credulous*
Takes leave to stile lost man, and Vagabond.
Sr *Tho.* That I forbad you Sir my house was only
In care to my Daughter, not in hate to you.
Mean. That I frequented it without your leave,
Was both in love to you, and to your Daughter;
That I have all this while liv'd thus disguis'd,
Was only to avert the snare from you,
Not to intrap you; that you might not be
Blinded by those, who like to venemous Beasts,
Have only sight to poyson; that you might not
Ruine your Daughter in a complement.
Sir *Tho.* This may b' your plot, and this discoverie

Feign'd only to ſecure your own deſigns:
For 't cannot ſink into me that they durſt
Make mirth of my repentance, and abuſe
My laſt devotion with a Scene of Laughter.
Mean. They dare beyond your thought. When parted this
Your Confeſſor?
Sr *Tho.* You could not chuſe but meet him,
He is ſcarce yet at home.
Mean. If that you dare
But venture with me home, I'l almoſt promiſe
I'l make it plain they've put a trick upon you.
Sr *Tho.* Though every ſtep were ſo much toward my grave
I'd tread them o'r with comfort that I might
Diſcover this religious villany. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCEN. III.

Hearſay, *Slicer*, and *Shape* in his Confeſſors habit.
Hear. COme my good Vulture ſpeak what prey? what mirth?
Slic. What income my dear holineſs? what ſport?
Sha. Give me the Chair; imagine me the Knight
(When I ſit down,) and (when I ſtand) the Confeſſor.
{ *As he is thus acting*, Meanwell *and Sir* Thomas *diſcover themſelves above.* }
Thus I come in peace to thy ſoul good Son,
(Tis you muſt give it Father; I am ill,
I'm very ill; fit only now for Heav'n.
My Soul would fain be flying, were't not for
A Sin or two that clogs her.) But for a ſin
Or two that clogs her? take heed, don't ſo neer
Your laſt deliverance play the Sophiſter
With Heav'n. A ſin or two? why, I've heard ſay

You're

You're wont to skrew your wretched Tenants up
To th' utmoſt farthing, and then ſtand upon
The third Rent Capon. Then he anſwers me
In the ſmall dolfull tune of a Country wench
Examin'd by th' Officiall, for the miſchance
Of a great belly caught at a Whitſonale;
(I could not help it.) Then it is your coſtome
When you invite, to think your meat laid out,
You write your Beef diſburs'd, are wont to call
For the return of 't juſt, as for a debt;
(True.) That two Chimneys ne'r yet ſmok'd at once
In all your Buildings; (All moſt true.) That you
Are wont to keep an untouch'd Capon, till
Corruption makes it able to walk out
And viſit the Barn Door again: I could
Say much more, but I'd rather have you
Come ſo much nearer pardon, as t'accuſe
Your ſelf by your own mouth.

Slic. How grave the Rogue was?

Sha. (I'l do't as ſtrictly as mine Enemy.)

Sir *Tho.* I cannot hold; I'l break in as I am,
And take my vengeance whiles my furie's hot.

Mean. Repreſs it Sir a while; h'hath but begun.

Sha. Then thus he dralls it out. (I do confeſs
I've been addicted to frugality.)
Son do not mince; pray call it Covetouſneſs.
(*Imprimis* It hath ever been my cuſtome
To ride beyond an Inn to ſave my horſe meat.
Item, When once I had done ſo, and found
No entertainment, I beguild the children
Of their parch'd peaſe, my Man being left to that
We make the embleme of mortality:)
What? graſs you mean? (or ſweet Hay which you
pleaſe.)

Hear. Me thinks this 's truly coming to a Reckoning,

He doth account for's ſins with *Item* ſo.

Sha. (*Item* I've often bought a Cheapſide Cuſtard,
And ſo refreſh'd my ſoul under my Cloak,
As I did walk the ſtreets.) Cloaking of ſins,
Although they be but eating ſins, I do
Pronounce moſt dangerous. (I find this ſo,
I'd almoſt loſt mine Eyes by 't being juſtled.)

Slic. O thou rich ſoul of Roguery.

Shap. (Moreover
I once ſung Pſalmes with Servants where I lodg'd,
And took part with 'em in their lovely Reliques;
Truly my ſoul did luſt, they were Temptations.)
What ſing that you might eat? It is the ſin
O'th' Brethren Son; but that their Reliques are
Whole widows houſes.

Hear. O thou preaching Devill!

Sha. (*Item* I enter'd into a Chandlers ſhop,
And eat my bread in ſecret, whiles my man
Fed on the wholſome ſteem of Candle ſewet.
Item, which grieves me moſt, I did make bold
With the Black Puddings of my needy Taylor;
Satan was ſtrong, they did provoke me much.)

Sr *Tho.* Wretch that I was to truſt my boſome to
One ſo exactly bad, that if the book
Of all mens lives lay open to his view
Would meet no ſin unpractis'd by himſelf.
I will ruſh in.

Mean. Good Sir keep cloſe a while,

Sha. I ſee no tears, no penetentiall tears.
(Alas! I cannot weep, mine Eyes are Pumice.
But Alms I hope may yet redeem.) Alms giv'n
In a large manner Son. (Won's fifty pounds
Wipe off my ſcore?) If doubled 't may do ſomething.
(Can I be ſav'd no cheaper? take this then
And pray for me.) With that I thus diſmiſs'd him.

Bleſt

Bleſt Son, for now I dare pronounce thee bleſt,
Being thou'ſt powr'd thus out thy ſoul — The wolf!
The wolf! 'sfoot peace, we're in the nooſe:
We are betrai'd, yon's *Meanwell* and the Knight ——
Truly he is as good a man as any
I ever yet confeſs'd — don't look that way ——
A very honeſt charitable man,
Full of ſincerity, and true devotion.

Sr *Tho.* Patience it ſelf would now turn furious,
Let's for ſome Officers. *Ex. Sir Tho. and Mean.*

Sha. Diſcover'd all!
Religion is unluckie to me.

Hear. Man!
Perfidious man! there is no truſt in thee!

Slic. I never lik'd this *Meanwell*; I did alwaies
See treachery writ in's forehead: I well hop'd
H'ad been in Priſon with his wench.

Sha. leave railing.
Along with me. There is left one way more;
The Cat may yet perhaps light on all foure. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Sir *Thomas Biteſig, Meanwell, Conſtable, Watchmen.*

Sir *Tho.* WHat gone? upon my life they did miſtruſt.

Mean. They are ſo beaten that they ſmell an Officer,
As Crows do Powder.

Sr *Tho.* Watchman call you forth
The Miſtris of the houſe, *Imprimis*, for *Ex. Officer.*
They have their lurking hole near hand moſt certain.

Enter Moth, *and* Potluck *as Man and Wife.*

Mo. *Denuncio vobis gaudium magnum,*
Robertus de Tinea electus eſt in ſedem Hoſpitalem,

Et assumit sibi nomen Galfridi.
Joy comes to our house. I *Robert Moth* am
Chesen into thylk Hospitall seat,
Thylk Bason of *Jone Potluck*, Vintners Widow,
And do transmue my name to Giffery.
New foysons byn ygraced with new Titles.
Come buss.

Pot. Fie! Mr *Giffery* I swear
You make m' asham'd 'fore all this Company.

Sir *Tho.* Sir, if you be the Master of this house,
You've harbor'd here a company of cheating Villains,
Which we are come to apprehend.

Pot. Pray y' look,
Search every Corner, here's no cheats. I'm sure
The house was clear before your Worship entred.

Con. Make fast the Doors for fear they do escape.
Let's in and ferret out these cheating Rakehels.

As the Watchmen go in and out about the Rooms Hearsay, Slicer, *and* Shape *mingle themselves with 'em, being accounted Watchmen, and so pass without discovery.*

Enter 1. *Watchman, and Hearsay.*

1 *Watch.* 'Tis very certain they are not in the house.

Sr *Tho.* They had no time to get away.

Hear. Why then,
It may be being they are such cunning Fellows,
They have the trick of going invisible.

Enter 2 *Watchman, and Slicer.*

2 *Watch.* There's no place left unsearch'd but Pots and Mouseholes.

Slic. They're either gone or in the House that's certain.

2 *Watchm.* That cannot be; the Doors were shut I'm sure,
And so they could not get out; the Rooms then are
All search'd, and so they cannot be within.

Slic.

Slic. I'l lay my neck to a farthing, then they're vaniſh'd.
Hear. Sunk like the Queen, they'l riſe at Queenhive ſure.

Enter Conſtable, and other Watchmen, and Shape *among 'em, bringing in* Credulous, *and* Caſter.

Sha. Moſt certain theſe are two of them: for this Old Knave, I'l take my Oath that he is one.
Con. Confeſs, confeſs, where are your other Comrads?
Cre. I am as honeſt as the skin that is Between thy Brows?
Con. What skin between my Brows? What skin thou knave? I am a Chriſtian; And what is more, a Conſtable; what skin?
Sr *Tho.* You are miſtaken friends.
Con. I cry you mercy.
Sha. The Conſtable may call you any thing In the Kings name upon ſuſpicion.
Sr *Tho.* We're cheated friends; theſe men o'th' Ordnary Have gull'd us all this while, and now are gone.
Caſt. I am undon. Ne'r let me live if that I did not think th' would gull me, I perceive Fanſie doth much; ſee how 'tis come to paſs.
Cred. Where is my Son God bleſſe him? where is *Andrew?* Pray God they have not taken him along; He hath a perilous wit to be a cheat; He'd quickly come to be his Majeſties Taker.
Con. I took one *Andrew Credulous* this morning In diſhoneſt Adultery with a Trull. And if he be your Son he is in Priſon.
Cred. Their villany o' my life. Now as I am A Freeman and a Grocer, I had rather Have found forty pounds; I pray go fetch him. *Ex. officer.*
Sr *Tho.* I'm ſorry that your Son takes theſe lewd courſes; He is not fit to make a Husband of.

Cred.

Cre. Do not condemn before you hear. I'l warrant
Though he be guilty yet hee's innocent.

Enter Haveatall.

Mo. Hent him, for dern love Hent him; I done drad
His Visage foul, yfrounct with glowing eyn.

Have. I come t' excuse my ruder usage of you.
I was in drink when that I did it; 'twas
The Plot of those base Knaves, I hear are gone,
To teach me valour by the strength of Wine;
Naming that courage which was only fury.
It was not wilfully.

Mo. I do not reche
One bean for all. This Buss is a blive guerdon.
Hence Carlishnesse yferre. 'Tis a sooth saw,
Had I but venged all mine herme,
Mine Cloak had not been furred half so werme.

Enter Officers with Andrew, Priscilla, *and the four that were taken at the Window singing.*

Cre. Now Sir you shall hear all. Come *Andrew* tell me,
How camst thou hither?

An. Truly Mr *Meanwel*
Told me that I should meet with Mrs *Jane*,
And there I found her Chamber-maid.

Cre. D' y'see?
Your Chamber-maid Sir *Thomas*; out you whore.

An. Take heed what you say Father, shee's my wife.

Cre. I would thou'rt in thy grave, then 'twere the better
Fortune o'th' two.

Pris. Indeed this reverend Man
Joyn'd us i'th' Prison.

Chr. Marriage is a Bond,
So no place fitter to perform it in.

Sr *Tho.* Send for my Daughter hither, wee'l know all.
What are you Sir?

Chr. A workman in the Clergie.

Con.

Con. Yes, this is one I took at th' Window ſinging,
With theſe three other vagrant Fellows here.
Chri. I was in body there, but not in mind,
So that my ſin is but inchoately perfect,
And I though in a fault did not offend,
And that for three reaſons. Firſt, I did yield
Only a kind of unwilling conſent.
Secondly, I was drawn as 'twere by their
Impulſive gentleneſs. Mark Sir I'm ſtrong.
Thirdly, I deem'd it not a womans-ſhambles:
Fourthly and laſtly, that I ſung was only
An holy wiſh. Once more Beloved.
Sr *Tho.* Peace!
Y'have ſaid enough already. How came you
To ſing beneath the Window?
Rime. Mr *Hearſay*
Told us that Mr *Meanwell* was new married,
And thought it good that we ſhould gratifie him,
And ſhew our ſelves to him in a Feſtennine.
Cre. That Raskall *Meanwel* was the cauſe of all,
I would I had him here.
Sr *Tho.* Why? this is he,
Sr *Robert Littleworth* his Son, he hath
Diſclos'd their vilanies; he is no cheat.
Mean. God ſave you Mr *Credulous*; you have
Forgotten me perhaps, I'm ſomewhat chang'd,
You ſee your loſt man's found; your Vagabond
Appears at laſt.
Cre. Go, you are a gibing ſcab:
Leave off your flouting; you're a beardleſs Boy;
I am a Father of Children.
Mean. And your Son
Will be ſo ſhortly, if he han't ill luck.
To vex you more, that hundred pounds you ſent
To Mr *Caſter*, *Shape* i'th' habit of

A Country fellow gull'd you of.

Cred. That Raskall;
Thou shewst thy wit t' abuse an old man thus.
As God shall mend me I will hamper thee.
Thou'st been disguis'd here all this while, thou hast;
Would I were braid in mine own morter, if
I do not call th' in Question the next Terme
For counterfeiting of the Kings Subjects.
Come away from him Sirrah, come along.

Ex. Cred. And. Prisc.

Mean. There's a Trunk they've left behind; I have
Seiz'd it for you; so that you'l be no loser.

Sir *Tho.* If you can find a way whereby I may
Reward this courtesie of yours, I shall
Confess my self engaged doubly to you,
Both for the benefit and its requitall. *Ent. Jane.*

Mean. The appearance of your Daughter here suggests
Something to ask, which yet my thoughts call boldness.

Sir *Tho.* Can she suggest yet any good, that is
So expert grown in this flesh Brokery?

Mean. O do not blot that Innocence with suspicion,
Who never came so neere a blemish yet,
As to b' accus'd. To quit you of such thoughts
I did receive a tempting letter from
That Strumpet that's gone out (as sin is bold
To try even where no hope is) I made promise,
But to secure my self, and withall found
Th' affections of young *Credulous* unto
Your vertuous Daughter, told him he should meet her
Where I agreed to meet her Chambermaid.
The blame must all be mine.

Sr *Tho.* 'Tis her deliverance.
Shee hath escap'd two Plagues, a lustfull fool.

Mean. I dare not challenge her I do confess,
As a reward due to my service, and

If you deny her me, assure your self
I'l never draw her from obedience:
I will not love her to procure her ruine,
And make m' affection prove her Enemy.
Sr *Tho.* You speak most honestly, I never did
Think ill of your intents, but alwaies gave
A testimony to your life as large
As were your merits. But your fortunes are
Unequal, there's the want.
Mean. What's there defective
Love shall supply: True, Mr *Credulous*
Is a rich man, but yet wants that which makes
His riches usefull, free discretion.
He may be something in the Eye o'th' World;
But let a knowing man that can distinguish
Between Possessions, and good parts, but view him,
And prize impartially, he will be rated
Only as Chests, and Caskets, just according
To what he holds. I valew him, as I
Would an Exchequer, or a Magazine.
He is not vertuous, but well stor'd, a thing
Rather well victuall'd then well qualified.
And if you please to cast your Eye on me,
Some moneys will call back my Fathers Lands
Out of his lime-twig fingers, and I shall
Come forth as gay as he.
Sr *Tho.* I'l strive no longer
For fear I seem t'oppose felicity.
If shee'l give her consent y'are one.
Jan. It is
The voice of Angels to me: I had thought
Nothing in all the store of nature could
Have added to that love, wherewith I do
Reverence that name, my Father, till that you
Spoke this.

Sr *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* I know your former Loves; grow up
Into an aged pair, yet ſtill ſeem young.
May you ſtand freſh, as in your Pictures ſtill,
And only have the reverence of the Aged.
I thank you for your pains Mr Conſtable,
You may diſmiſs your Watch now.
Sha. A pox on't!
That after all this ne'r a man to carry
To Priſon? muſt poor Tradeſmen be brought out
And no body clap'd up?
Mean. That you mayn't want
Employment, friends take this I pray and drink it.
Sli. Sir, when y'are cheated next we are your ſervants—
Ex. all but Shape, Hear. Slic.

ACT V. SCEN. V.

Shape, Slicer, Hearſay.

Sha. LYe thou there Watchman; how the knave that's look'd for
May often lurck under the Officer!
Invention I applaud thee.
Hear. London aire
Me thinks begins to be too hot for us.
Slic. There is no longer tarrying here, let's ſwear
Fidelity to one another, and
So reſolve for *New England*.
Hear. 'Tis but getting
A little Pigeon-hole reformed Ruff——
Slic. Forcing our Beards into th' Orthodox bent——
Sha. Noſing a little Treaſon 'gainſt the King;
Bark ſomething at the Biſhops, and we ſhall
Be eaſily receiv'd.
Hear. No fitter Place.

They

They are good ſilly People; Souls that will
Be cheated without trouble: One eye is
Put out with Zeal, th'other with Ignorance,
And yet they think they're Eagles.

Sha. We are made
Juſt fit for that Meridian: no good work's
Allow'd there; Faith, Faith is that they call for,
And we will bring it 'em.

Slic. What Language ſpeak they?

Hear. Engliſh, and now and then a Root or two
Of Hebrew, which wee'l learn of ſome Dutch Skipper
That goes along with us this Voyage; Now
We want but a good Wind, the Brethrens ſighs
Muſt fill our ſailes. For what old *England* won't
Afford, *New England* will. You ſhall hear of us
By the next Ship that comes for Proſelytes.
Each ſoyl is not the good mans Country only;
Nor is the lot his to be ſtill at home:
Wee'l claime a ſhare, and prove that Nature gave
This Boon, as to the good, ſo to the knave. *Exeunt.*

The

The EPILOGUE.

Shap. *WE have escap'd the Law, but yet do feare*
Something that's harder answer'd, your sharp Eare.
O for a present slight now to beguile
That, and deceive you but of one good smile!
'Tis that must free us; th' Author dares not look
For that good fortune to be sav'd by's Book,
To leave this blessed soyle is no great woe;
Our griefe's in leaving you, that make it so.
For if you shall call in those Beames you lent,
'Twould ev'n at Home create a Banishment.

FINIS.